

"PUNCH"~

PICTURES

BY

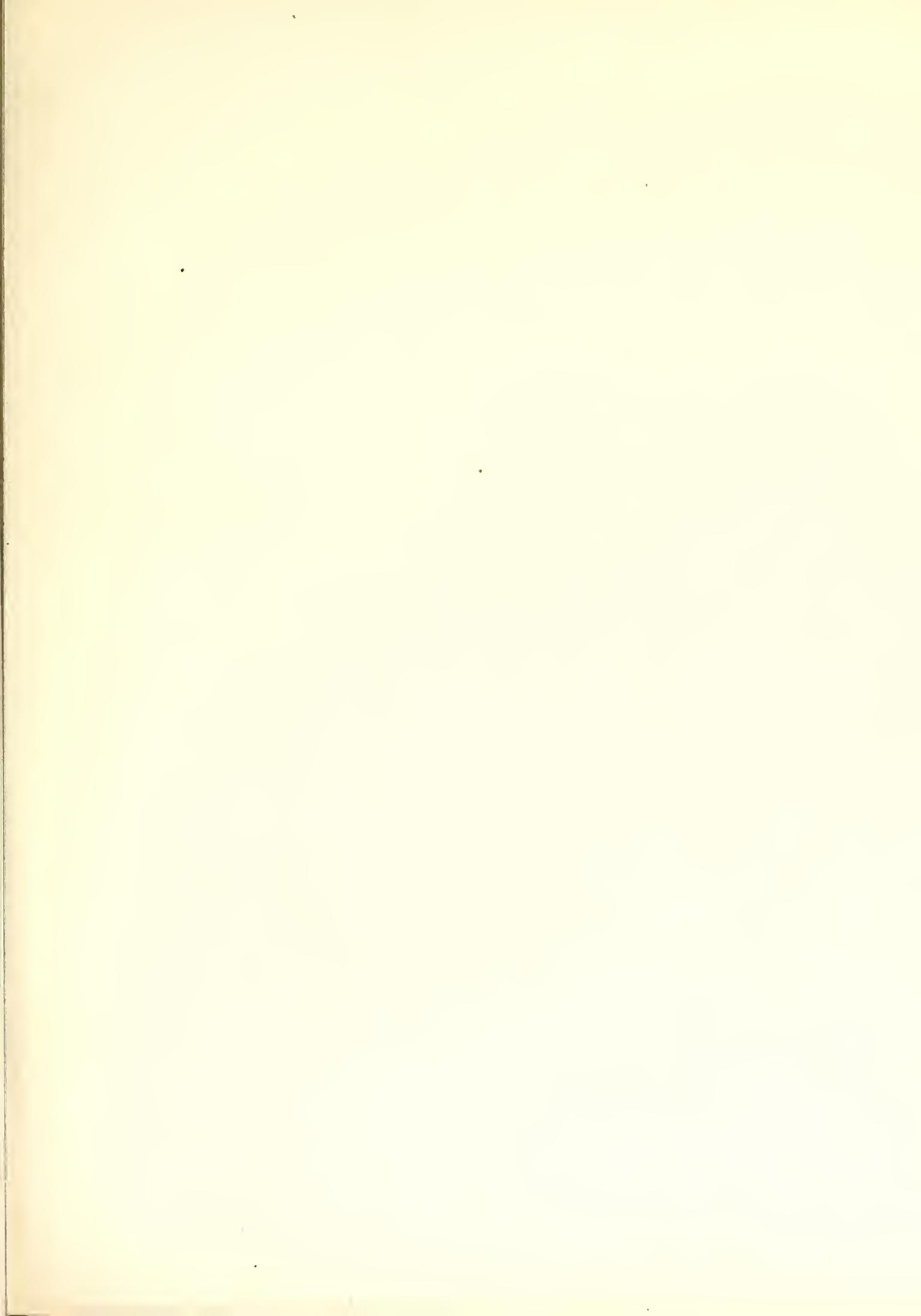
FRANK REYNOLDS



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M.W.T.
from
J.W.B.
G.F.B.
Nov 19th 26.





It was hit hard and high.

But the bowler knew all about it.

The Curate felt called upon.



The Colonel regarded it as his.

His son thought it was up to him.

The grocer had it all the way.



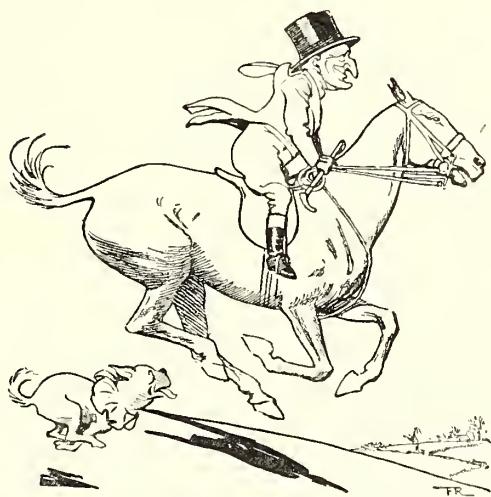
And the blacksmith shouted 'Myern !'

Frank
Reynolds

OUR VILLAGE CATCH

“PUNCH” PICTURES BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY E. V. LUCAS*



1922

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INTRODUCTION

THE art and humour of Frank Reynolds stand both on firm foundations. His drawing is solid and true ; his jokes, most of which he finds for himself, do not make a brief appeal and vanish, but grow better ; you think of them in the night ; for it is in situations rather than in verbal chance that he finds his fun. As the saying goes, he "sees the humour of things." And in his case joke and drawing are interdependent, complementary and one.

Like all humorists he has his favourite hunting ground, Mr. Reynolds's being somewhere on the outskirts of London where City clerks with families have their homes ; and in the process of searching this suburban region for subjects he has evolved a very distinct and recognizable type whose adventures one may follow in this diverting book. You will find him in perfection in the picture of the ancient high bicycle on page 106. Sometimes he takes his clubs to the links, sometimes he goes to Lord's with his son, sometimes he chalks a cue, sometimes he welcomes in the spring, but he is always an old acquaintance ; we have seen him before, we can't remember exactly where, but somewhere. The very man, to the life ! For a humorous artist so constantly to persuade us of fidelity to the fact is a triumph, and Mr. Reynolds's triumph is the greater when we realize that when the War broke out and it was necessary to create a Teutonic type too, he was equal to the occasion. Look at the wonderful bourgeois Germans on pages 40 and 48.

Being no draughtsman myself, although constantly excited by draughtsmanship, I can say nothing authoritative about Mr. Reynolds as a technician ; but I have seen and compared enough work in black and white to risk the criticism that his power of suggesting atmosphere is very remarkable. For example, take the taxi-load of publicans on page

Introduction

103, and the canal scene on page 111, and the wet road on page 53. There is not a stroke too many or too few in any of these.

One of the chief difficulties, I take it, that confronts all illustrators of action or dialogue is to catch the right moment. There are so many to choose from that the artist is not to be envied by the slothful. Mr. Reynolds seems to me to be extraordinarily successful—masterly even—in his power of seizing the significant instant of time and holding it. Indeed his gift of holding it is most noticeable. There are so many examples to point to that to particularize is unnecessary, but none the less I invite you to look at the complacent charlady on page 35, at the three girls on page 20, and at the passengers in the railway compartment, on page 50. And—for arrested but perpetual motion—take the cricket scene on page 10, where the little brother is about to tackle so terrific a problem, the conflict between pride and fear. It is as though the magician's clock had again struck and life were instantaneously suspended.

Another of Frank Reynolds's peculiar qualities is his knowledge of backs. To him backs are as full of character as fronts, and he passes the secret on to us. I doubt if there has ever been a volume containing so many significant backs as this.

So far I have been writing of our artist only as the draughtsman week by week in *Punch*, the paper of which he is Art Editor, and only of his work in black and white. But long before he joined the Round Table he had made a name by his character drawings from Dickens and by water colours that had won him membership of the Royal Institute. Recently he has put this branch of his art at the disposal of Mr. Punch and acquired a new reputation by those delicious parodies of eminent painters old and new which were such a popular feature of the *Almanack* and *Summer Number* of 1922. In the *Almanack* Mr. Reynolds gently but firmly, and with the most delicate fun, pressed into his service the methods of George Morland, Rubens, Turner and Corot for the purpose of extolling the game of golf; and in the *Summer Number* he revealed even subtler gifts of burlesque by his travesties of the Academicians of the day, notable among a series of the most brilliant *tours de force* being

Introduction

the renderings of Mr. Sims, Mr. Munnings and Mr. Arnesby Brown. Pictorial parody, in colours, was a neglected field; Mr. Reynolds in a moment made it his own.

It was as brighteners of cricket that, the other day, these R.A.s were brought together with such dexterity and mischief, and it is a sign of Mr. Reynolds's steady devotion to the best of British games that the earliest drawing in this volume, dated June 6, 1906 (it is on page 9), deals with one of cricket's minor but not negligible difficulties.

Finally, a word as to Frank Reynolds in his capacity as a war-winner. I am not referring at the moment to his duties either in the 4th Cheshire or with M.I. 7B. They, I am sure, were carried out with his usual quiet thoroughness. I am referring to the famous drawing which will be found on page 42 of this volume, entitled "Study of a Prussian Household having its Morning Hate." This picture, which appeared in the issue of *Punch* for February 24, 1915, is held by several good judges to have done more to destroy the *moral* of the foe than many more ambitious forms of attack. "An enemy," it argued, "that can laugh like that is to be feared indeed!"

E. V. LUCAS.



“PUNCH” PICTURES

BY

FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



PRECEDENCE AT BATTERSEA.

“Garn ! The Treasurer goes in before the bloomin’ Seckertary !”

[This was the artist's first contribution to “Punch.” It was published June 6, 1906.]



Voice from upper regions. "Dearie, if you can't keep baby quiet, why not give him something to play with?"



Batsman (in danger of being caught by small brother). "Drop it, 'Erbert—or 'ome you go!"



Randolph (regarding a Christmas present "with love from Grandpa"). "I say, look here! This is pretty putrid when you're keen on motoring!"

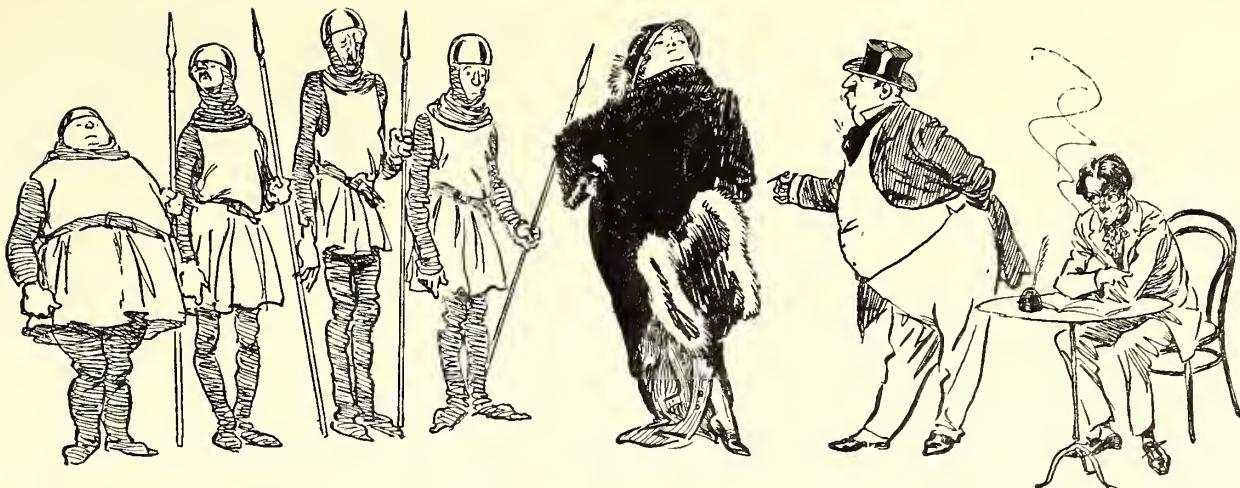


GOING IT!

She. "After this, what do you say to a jaunt on one of the new tubes?"



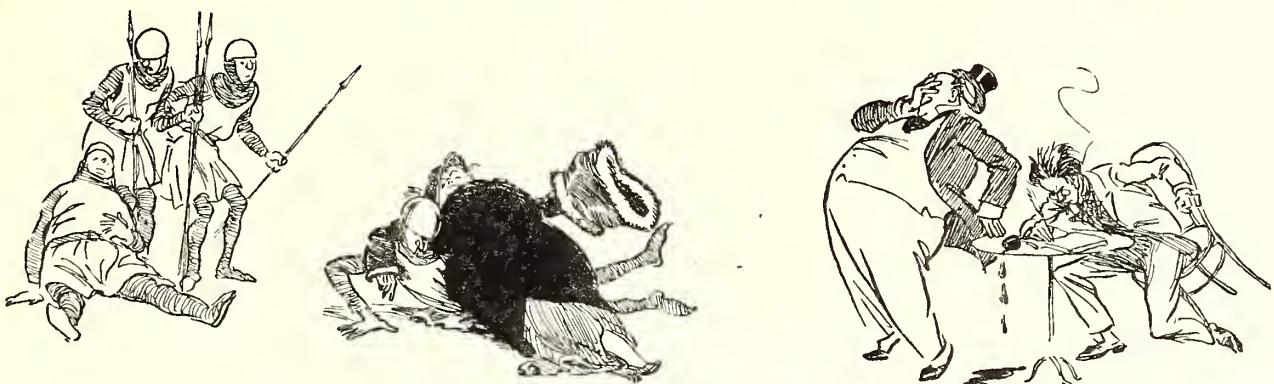
"There's no 'olding 'im now, Sir, since 'e's gone into knickers—'e's that *pomptious!*!"



The Manager (at rehearsal). "Now then, 'on hearing the news the Queen falls fainting in the arms of a soldier.'"



"Take a rest and let's have a different soldier."



The Author. "I've got it!"



"On hearing the news the Queen falls fainting in the arms of the soldiers [plural]."

A REVISED VERSION



Ardent Golfer (on the eternal subject). "They tell me old Simpkins has gone right off his baffy——"
Aunt Amelia. "Ah, I always thought that man peculiar."



Outraged Comedian. "'Ow could you expect the show to go? We asked for a rich interior and 'e goes and lets down Putney Bridge!'"



Householder (having subdued burglar with discarded golf club). "H'm ! That's the first time I've ever really liked that cleek !"



Earnest Citizen. "There you are, my dear, there's your British public. Give them something really good and they sniff at it ; but give them something risky and, look, you couldn't get a seat if you tried."

His Wife. "There's no harm in trying, dear."



A REARGUARD ACTION.

Ingoing Batsman (who has been commandeered at the last moment). "Er—haven't you another pair of guards? My legs are quite exposed at the back."



Profiteer (after trying a variety of patterns without success). "Well, it looks pretty 'opeless when they won't 'ave a gold fly. What do they expect—diamonds?"'



THE DANCING LESSON.

Exasperated Wife. "My dear man, you learned to drill in the army ; why can't you pick this up ? It's a perfectly simple step. Anyone would think you were mentally deficient."

Husband. "Almost the Sergeant's own words, dear."



THE OFFICE GAMBLE.



THE PESSIMIST.

"Yes, she's off to the cinema again, and I don't blame 'er. Make the most of it, I say. Who knows? We may be 'aving peace upon us any moment!"



A TOO GREAT SACRIFICE.

Jones (after half-an-hour with the bugle band). "I must chuck this. After all—why ruin one's face?"



Jones (left at home to mind the children). "If the paper's anything to go by, we married men will all be in the Army by July. It seems a long time to wait."



"Yes, 'e come up to me an' I sez, 'Oh!'-an' 'e sez, 'Oh, it's "oh," is it?'—an' I sez 'Yes, it *is* "oh"!!'



Sportsman (on left). "It hardly seems right to be going to see a cricket-match while the rest of the world goes to work."



The Same. "Good gracious! Doesn't anybody work these days?"



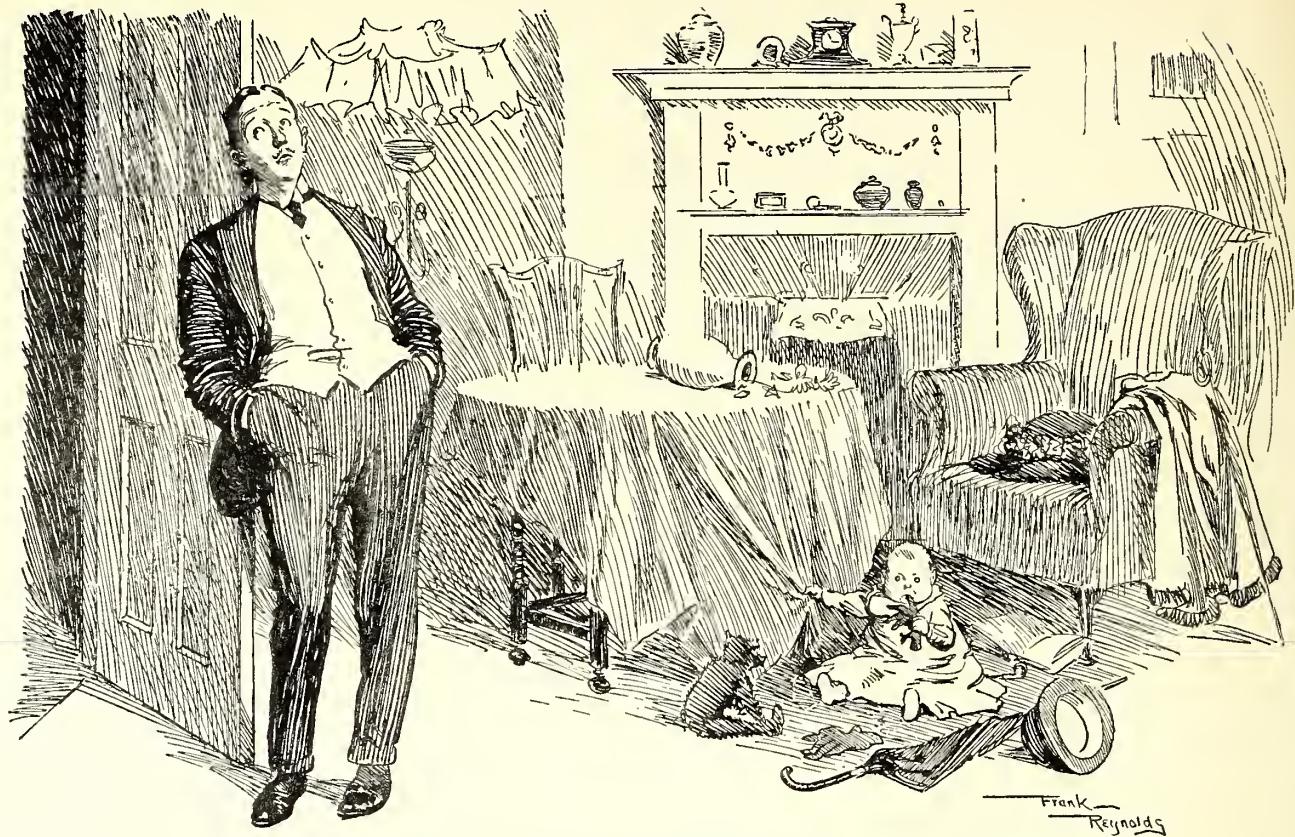
A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Mother (in the Tube). "Stop fidgeting, 'Orace,—or you shan't look out of the window!"



MANNERS AND MODES.

QUEERING HIS PITCH. WHAT OUR ARTIST POSER HAS TO PUT UP WITH.



Patient Father. "Dearie ! Baby's eating my glove now. Is it all right ?"
Dearie (from above). "Oh, quite all right—(pause)—you're sure it's yours ?"



Village Misanthrope (much bored with discussion at the bar). "Lordy ! 'Tis always zum vulishness. First 'tis all football, and now this yere war be all the go !"



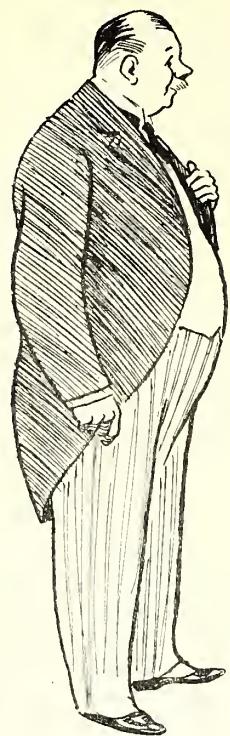
PROSPECTS FOR THE SEASON.

Mother (to "Hope of his Side"). "Ah! Got a cold in your 'ead—I thought as much. Never let me catch you playin' cricket again without your overcoat on!"



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

Archie. "This is the limit; I'm going." Reggie. "Wait half a jiff; he may burn himself."

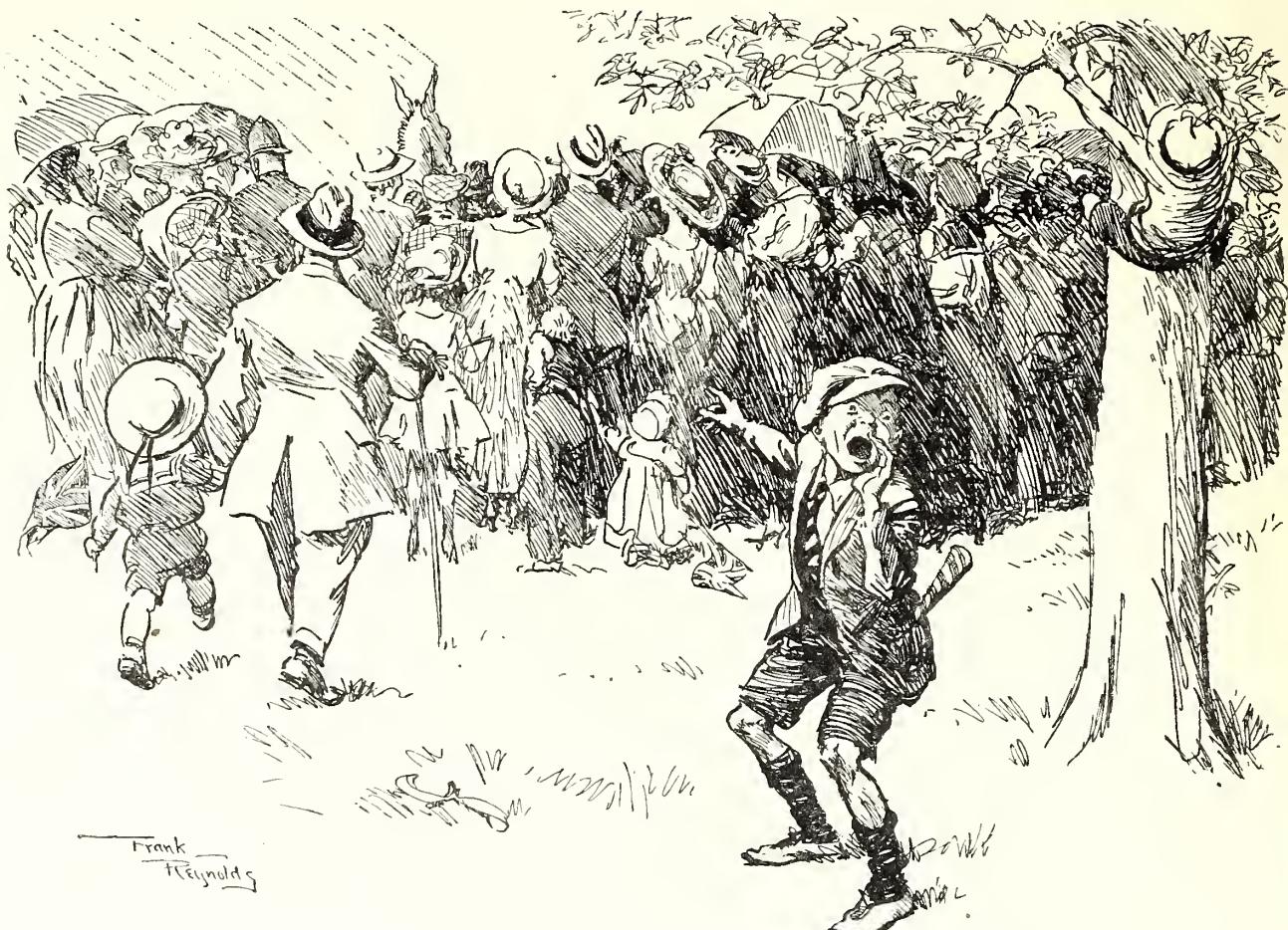


Frank
Reynolds

WHAT OUR TAILOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Scene I. A perfect fit.

Scene II. After a week's drill.



Frank
Reynolds

IN HYDE PARK.

Small Reveller (reassured as he catches sight of Bottom the Weaver). "Hi! 'Erbert! Come back, 'Tain't Shakspeare; it's a circus."



The Wife (triumphantly). "There you are, George! Now you laughed at me when I told you to get yourself a nice yachtin' 'at!"



Mother. "George were always a turrible one to clean 'issel'; but the army do seem to 'ave made un worse."
Father. "Ah! 'e gives way to it."

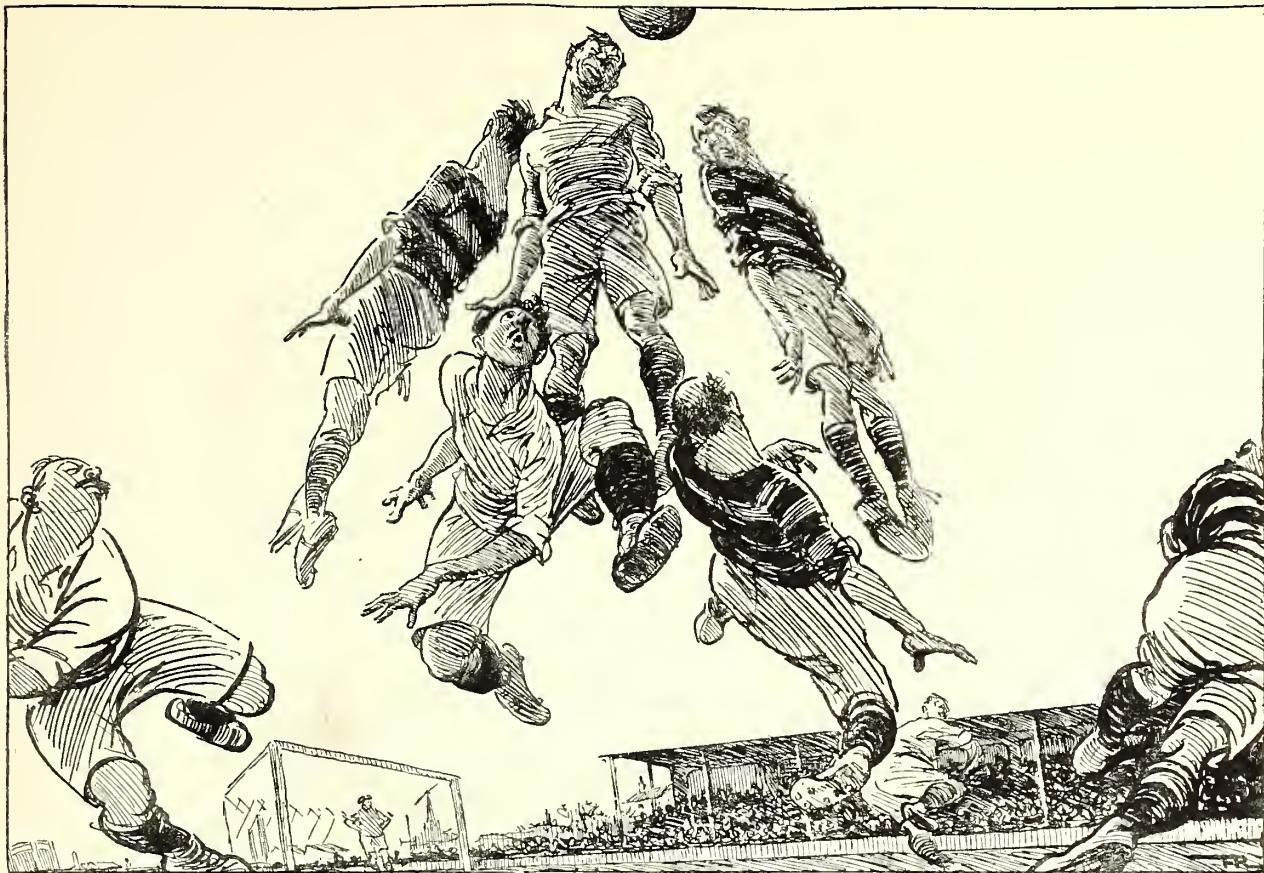


Alf. "Ain't you goin' to eat anyfink, 'Erbert?"

'Erbert (four years in France). "Well, my old fam ain't turned up with my bit of dayjerny."

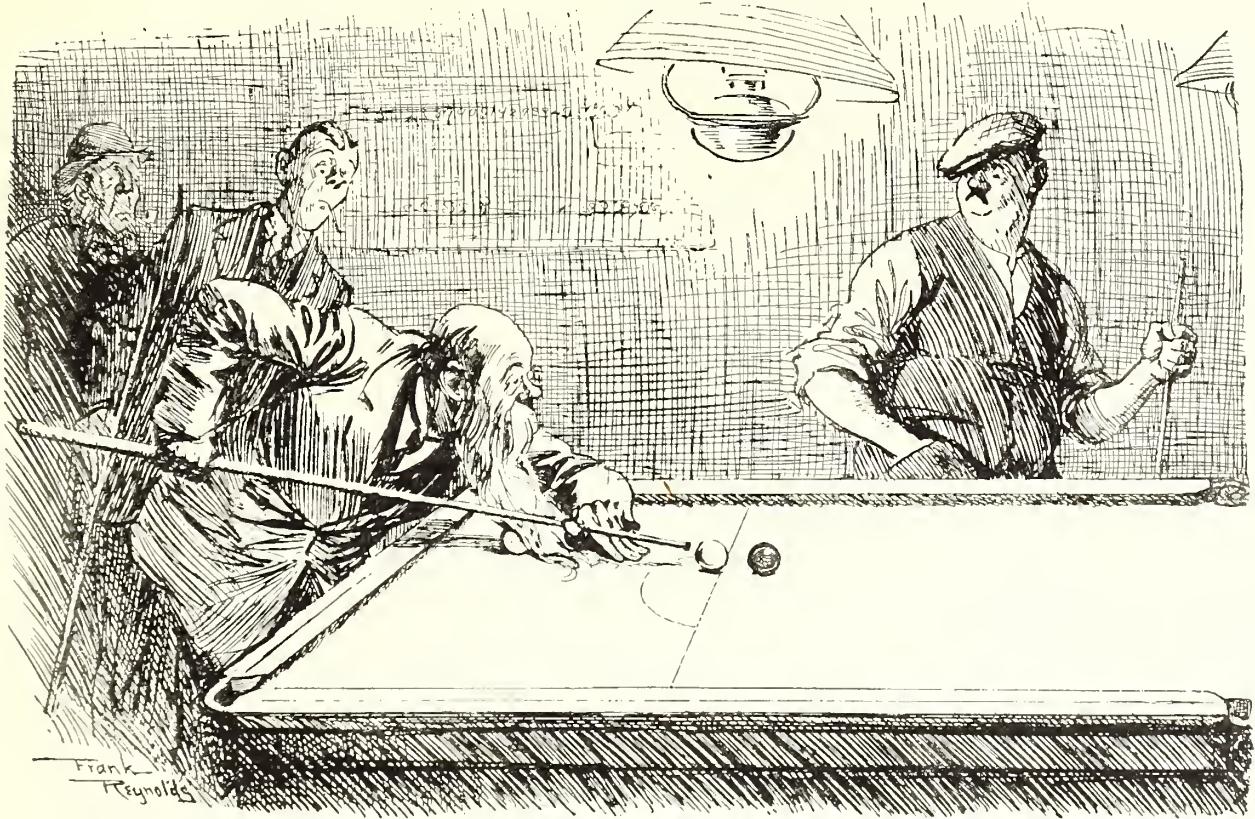


THE CIVILIAN.



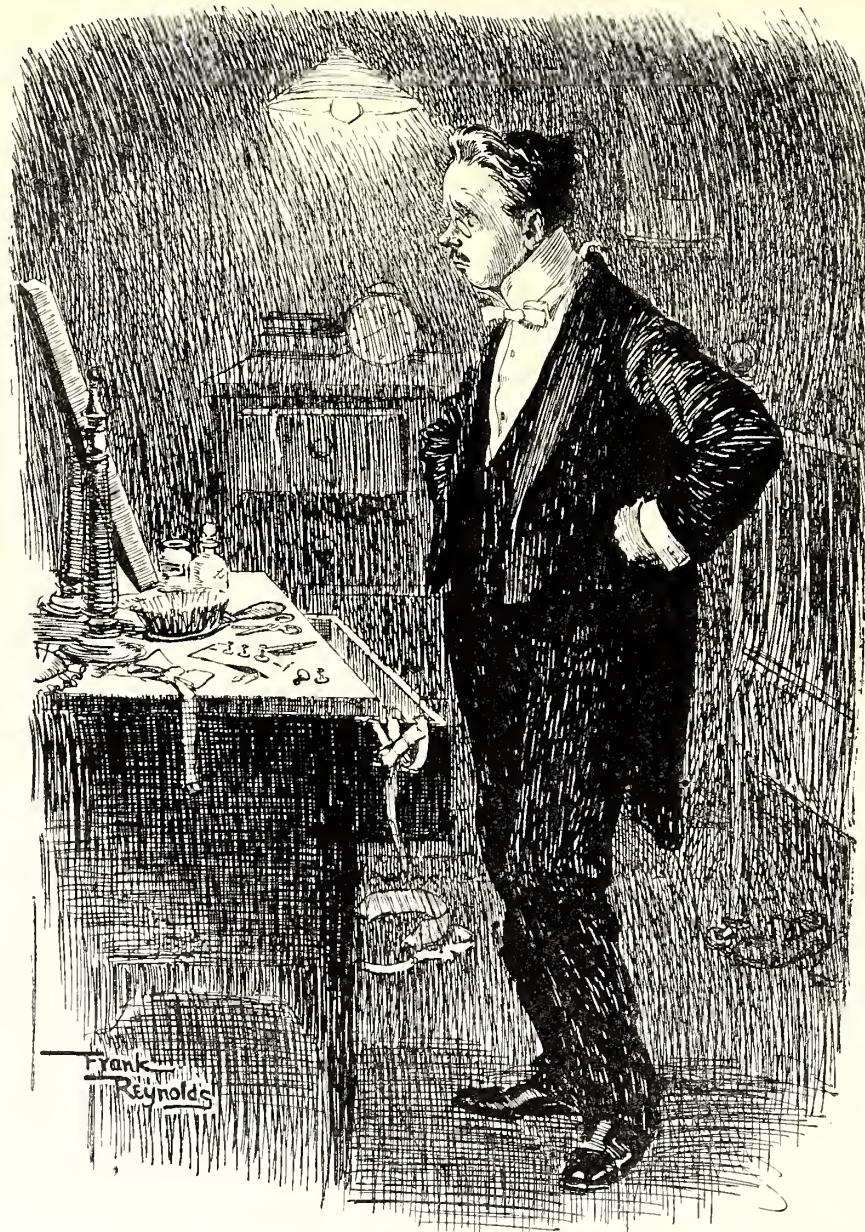
PRETTY PLAY AT PUTNEY.

OUR PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER SEIZES A DECORATIVE MOMENT.



VILLAGE BILLIARDS.

The Striker (at critical stage of four-handed game). "What should I do yere, Willium? You knows I can't pot."
Partner. "Well, George, if you was clean-shaved I should zay, 'Screw back!'"



He (surveying the effect). "Well, what people can see in evening dress beats me!"



On guard.



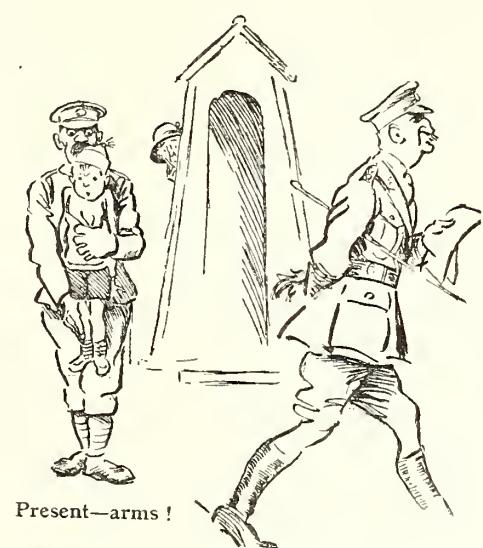
The family.



The family—continued.



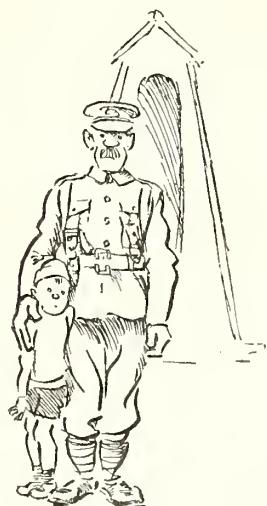
The Colonel!



Present—arms!



The danger past.

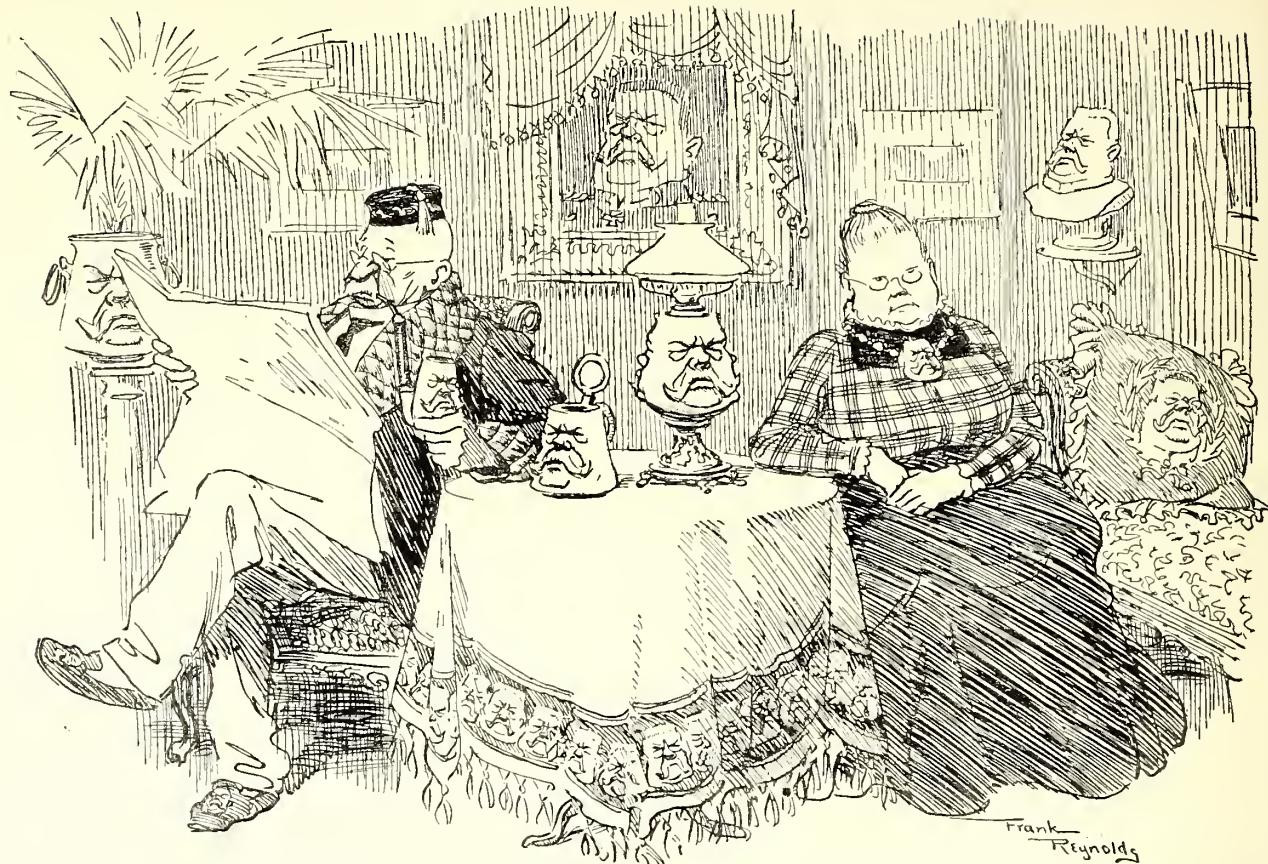


Order—arms!



Stand at—ease!

AN INFANT IN ARMS.



Hindenburghitis, or the Prussian Home made beautiful.



Visitor. "And how is your newly-married daughter?"

Mrs. Brown. "Oh, she's nicely, thank you. She finds her husband a bit dull; but then, as I tells her, the good 'uns are dull."



Conjurer (unconscious of the approach of hostile aircraft). "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to watch me closely."



LEST WE FORGET.

"Combed-out" Gentleman (to pal, also about to be called up). "What about 'avin' our photos took? We shall be in khaki to-morrow, and I should like to feel I 'ad some record of what I've looked like."



A NEAR THING.

Disappointed Trundler. "Nearly 'ad 'e, Jarge." *Disappointed Batsman.* "Ah, an' nearly 'it 'e!"



FINAL OF OUR ART CLUB HANDICAP.

A PUSHING POSTER-ARTIST BEATS THE STAINED-GLASS-WINDOW DESIGNER BY POTTING THE WHITE.



Charlady (on the subject of appearance). "Of course, I don't bother now—but I used to be able to tread on my 'air."



EXPECTING LITTLE, CONTENT WITH LESS.

Sergeant (who has discovered a celebrity in his squad). "Now then, me lad, understand this. It don't matter 'ow big a nib you was before you joined. That don't impress us in the Army—see?"

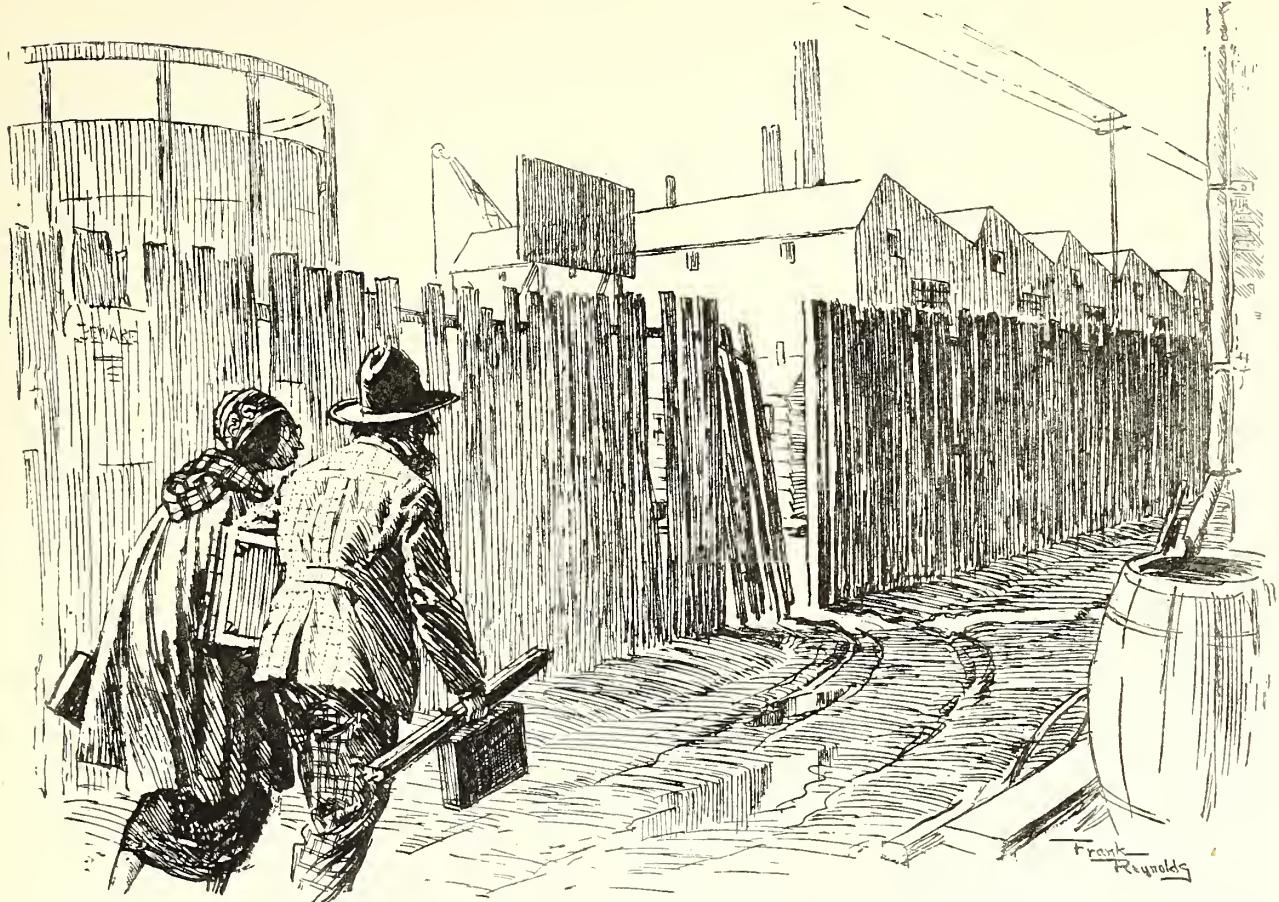
Recruit. "Quite. It didn't impress them in the Volunteers."



Sandy (at Victoria Station). "Gie me *The Peebles Herald*." Attendant. "We don't keep it."
Sandy. "Then just gie me one o' yer local papers."



Local Fishmonger (as exasperating batsman is at last disposed of). "'E's filleted!"



Futurist to Brother Brush (after a long country walk in search of a subject). "This is rather jolly. What a relief it is to get amongst the real jagged stuff."



Small Brother (to rejected lover). "But, John, didn't you tell her you'd played for Essex?"



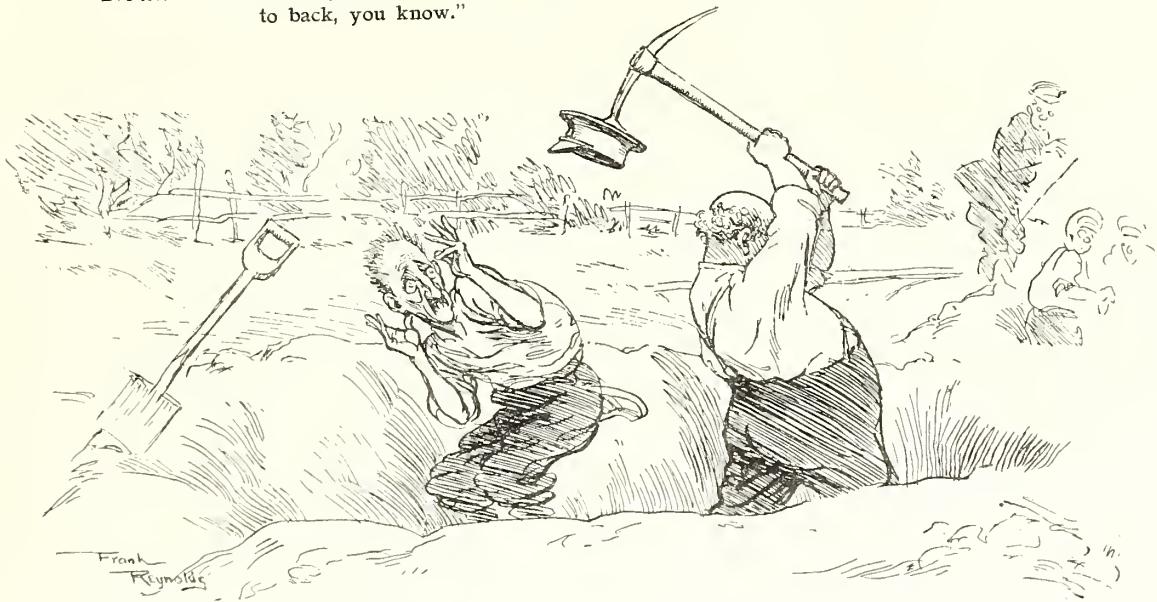
*Mistress (to new gardener). "I thought you told me you were a staunch teetotaller!"
Gardener. "Not staunch, mum—not staunch!"*



Brown. "Now, then, Jones, you and I will work this bit together."



Brown. "Here ! I say—we ought to work back to back, you know."

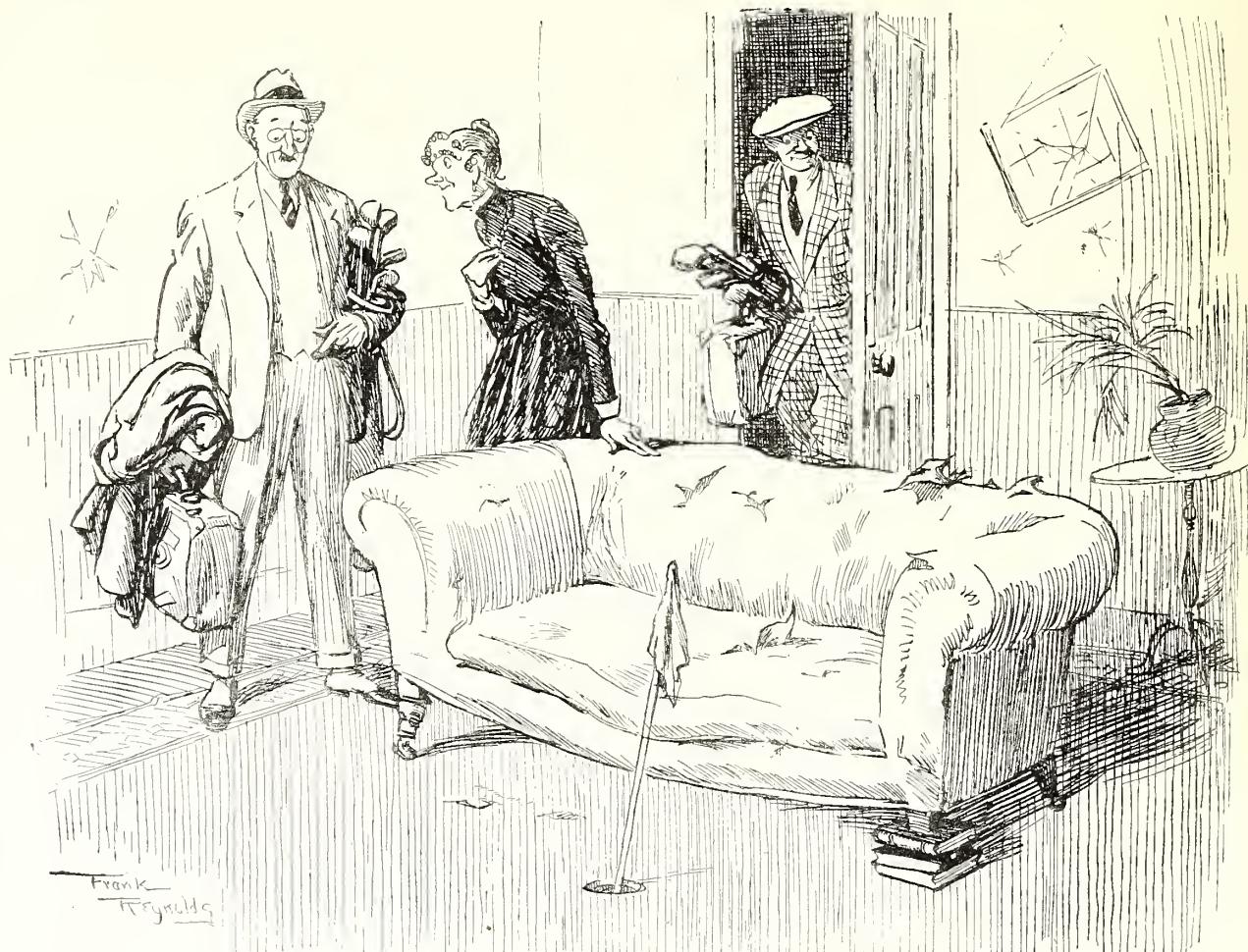


Jones. "How's that?"

HOLIDAY TRENCHES.



"My friend, I don't like the look of things. They mean business. No one in England now kicks the cricket-ball."



HOLIDAY GOLF.

Landlady (showing apartments in the vicinity of famous links). "Oh, you'll be quite comfortable here, sir; you see, we're used to golfers."



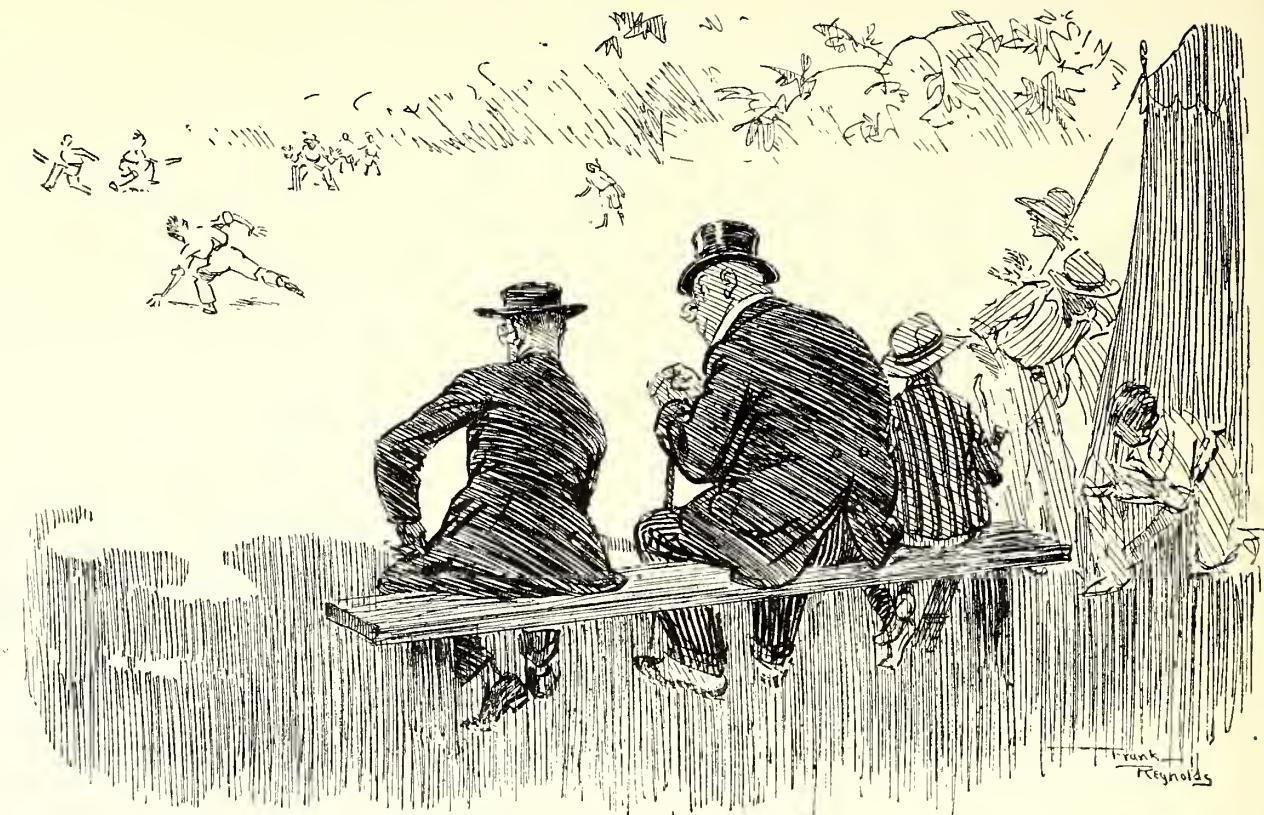
A FURTHER STAGE IN OUR ART CLUB HANDICAP.

THE CUBIST, IN DEFIANCE OF HIS OWN IDEALS, PROTESTS THAT THE RED IS NOT A PERFECT GLOBE.



JULIUS CÆSAR ON THE LINKS.

Actor (whose knowledge of SHAKSPEARE is greater than his golf). "O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth."



Visitor. "That youngster should make a good cricketer."

Master. "Yes ; it's a case of heredity. His mother got her house-flannels at school."



Study of a Prussian household having its morning hate.



"A Latter-day Lothario."



"The Young Charmers."



"My Life-work in the Slums."



"The Woman with a Purple Past."



"The Lyre of Love."



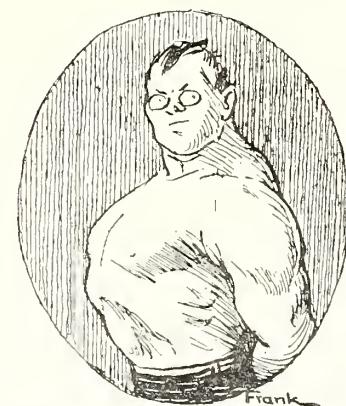
"Half-hours With Bunyan."



"Court Life from the Inside."



"Stage Deportment for Amateurs."



"What Physical Culture Has Done For Me."

SHOULD AUTHORS PUBLISH THEIR OWN PORTRAITS?

[Mr. Punch herewith disclaims all intention of quoting the title of any actual book]



Breaking the news—old style.



Breaking the news—new style.

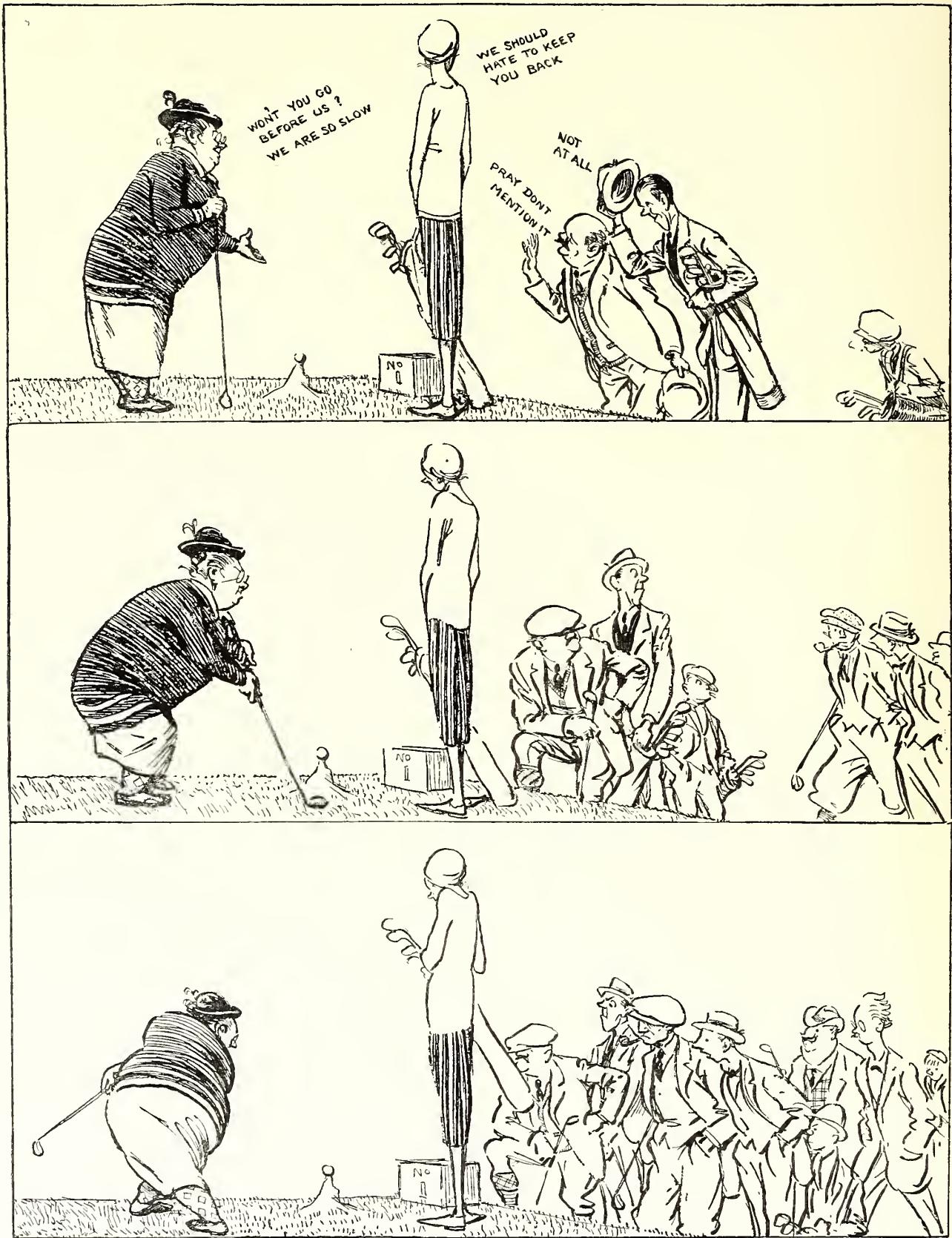
Frank
Reynolds



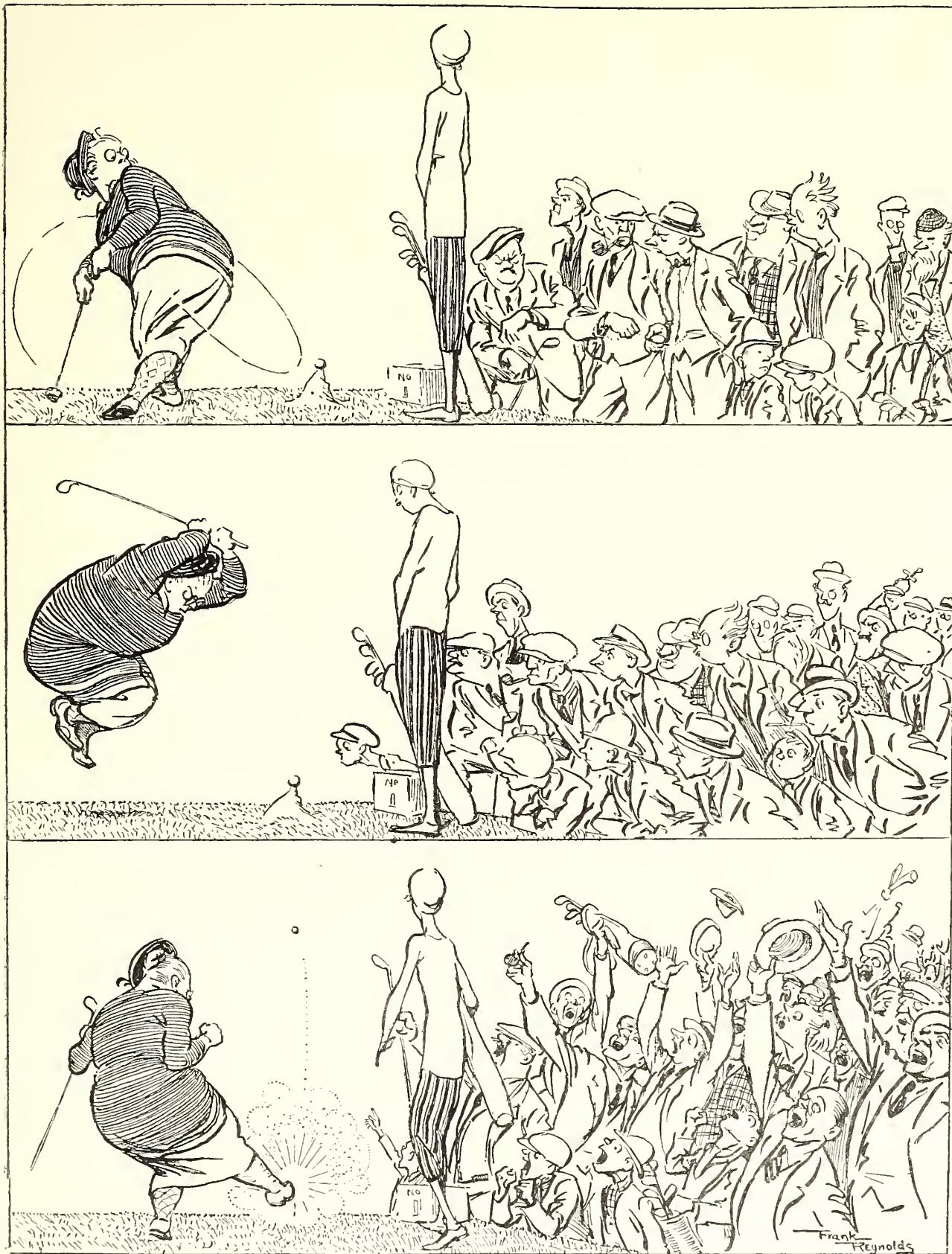
Infuriated Scot (whose partner has lost the match with the shortest of putts). "Worrds fail me!" Partner. "Dear, dear! What a pity you didn't bring your bagpipes!"



Man of Wealth (to his son just home for the holidays). "And why don't you like your fur coat? I'll bet none of the other boys 'ave got one." Son. "Yes, but none of the other boys have to be called 'Skunkey.'"



CONGESTION ON THE LINKS.



CONGESTION ON THE LINKS.

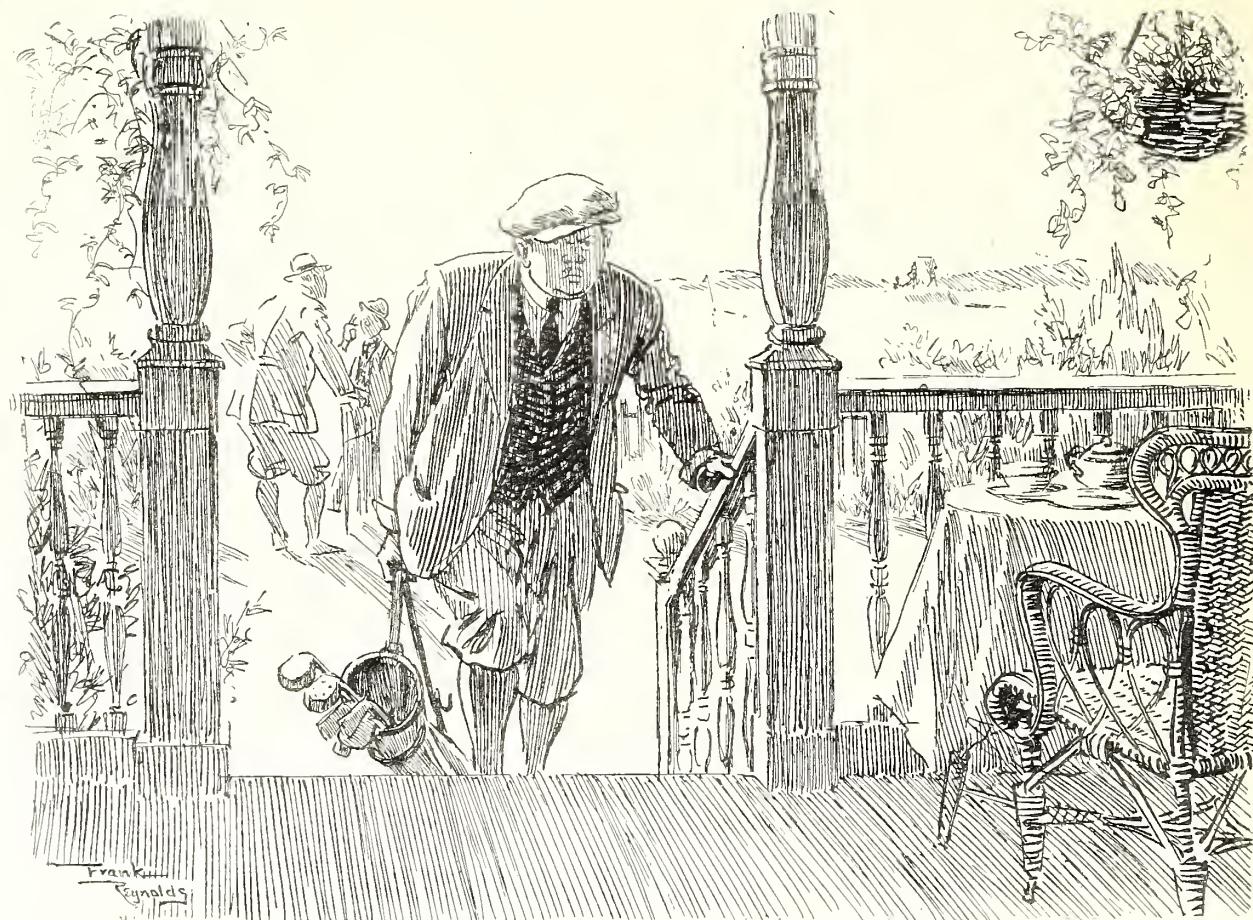


BERLIN OFFICIAL.

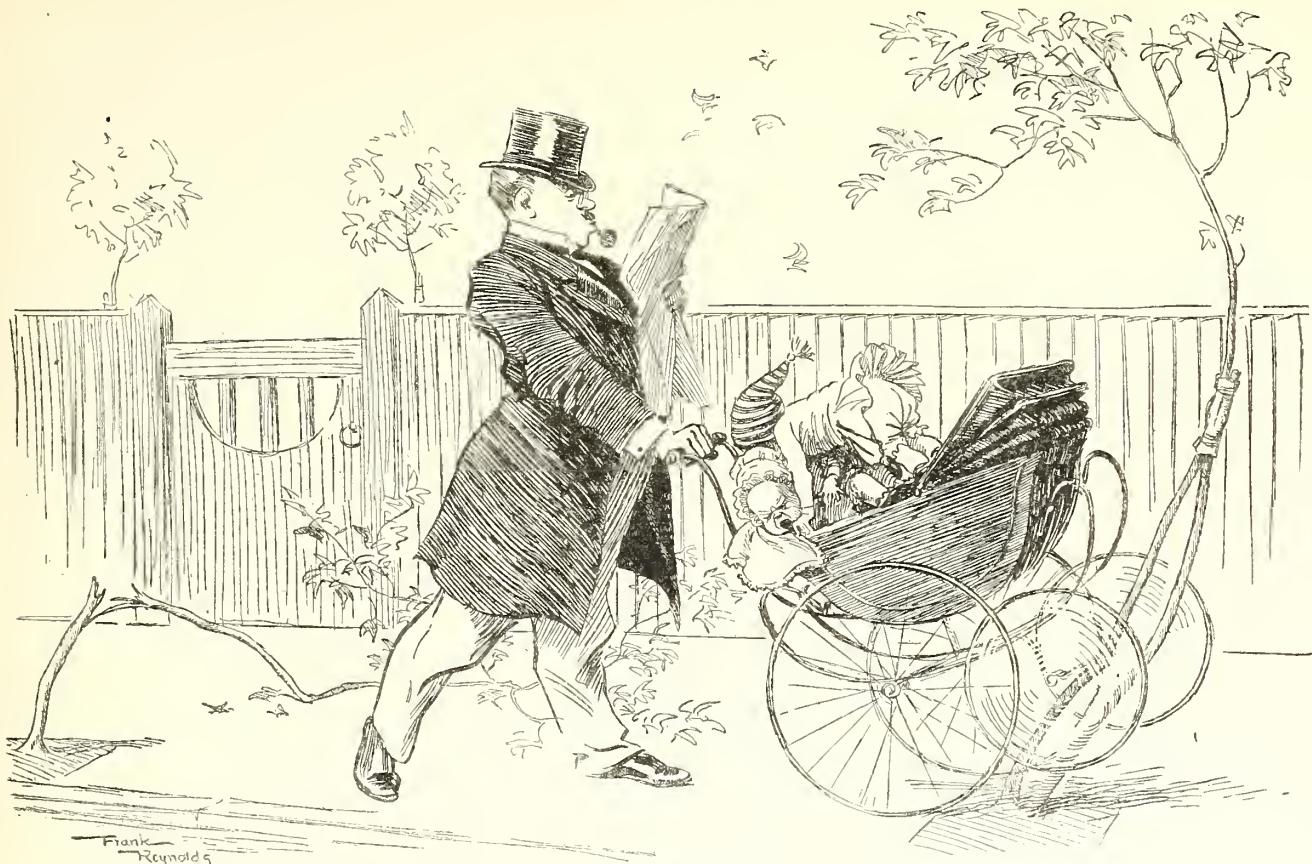
"Good news again this morning."

"Ach ! I grow weary of good news."

"Come, come, my friend, we must be patient and bear our successes bravely."



Golfer (*very much off his game*). "One round nearer the grave."

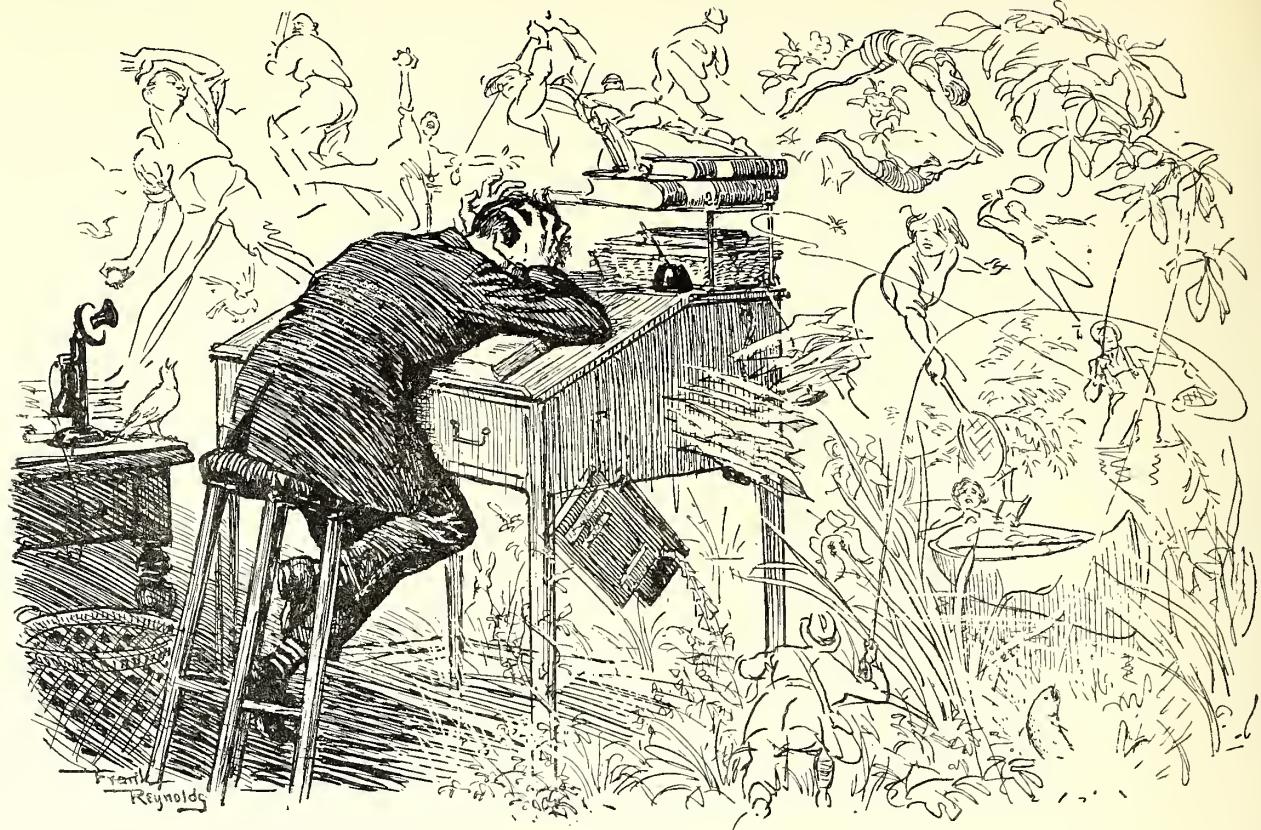


THE FAR-REACHING EFFECT OF THE RUSSIAN PUSH.



Officer (on leave). "You'll be glad to have the Bisley meeting revived?"

Veteran Volunteer Marksman. "Yes; but there'll be some poor scoring. You see there's been no serious shooting for the last four years."



SPRING-TIME IN THE OFFICE.



Daughter. "You didn't ought to let baby worry that gentleman with 'is chocolate."
Mother. "Well, the gentleman didn't ought to eat it."



THE OLD FORMULA.

Complete Angler (to brother rod). "Yes, Charlie; at Christmas 'e give me a cigar about as long as that, an' I reckon it weighed a quarter of a pound if it weighed an ounce."



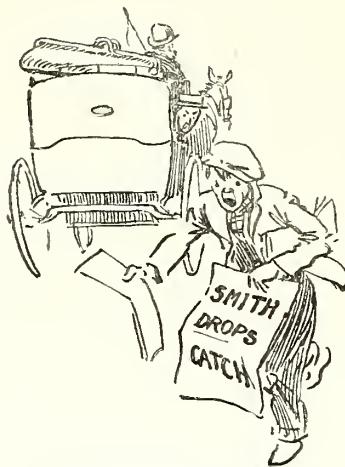
The last man was in and with only one run wanted—



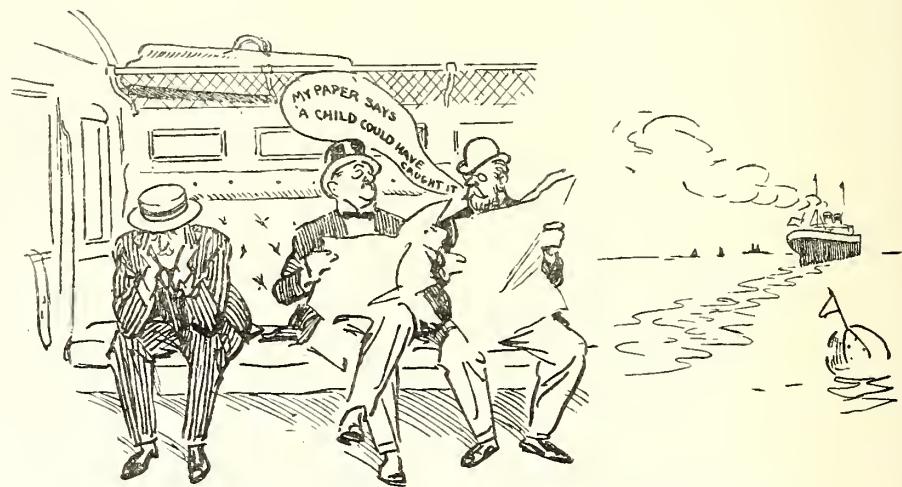
Smith, of all people, dropped a catch.



He stole away—

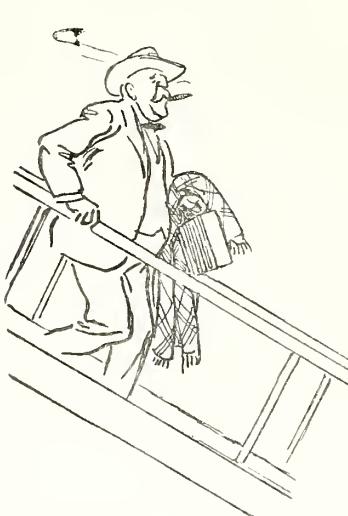


but his sin followed him.



He decided—

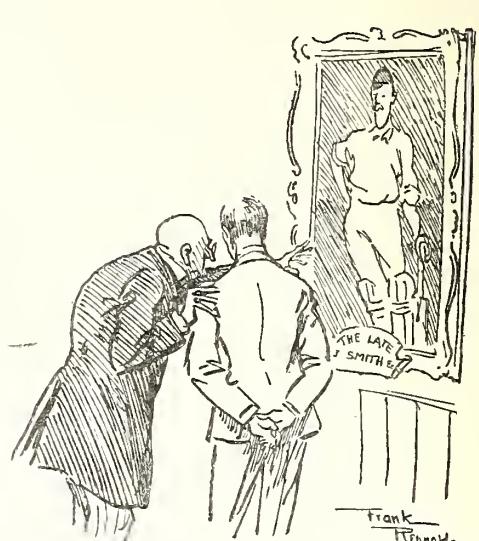
to leave the country.



After many years he returned.



"Good heavens, Smith, I haven't seen you since you dropped that catch at the Circle."



"Yes, I once saw him play when I was quite a lad. On that occasion he had the misfortune to drop a catch."

Frank
Reynolds

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO.



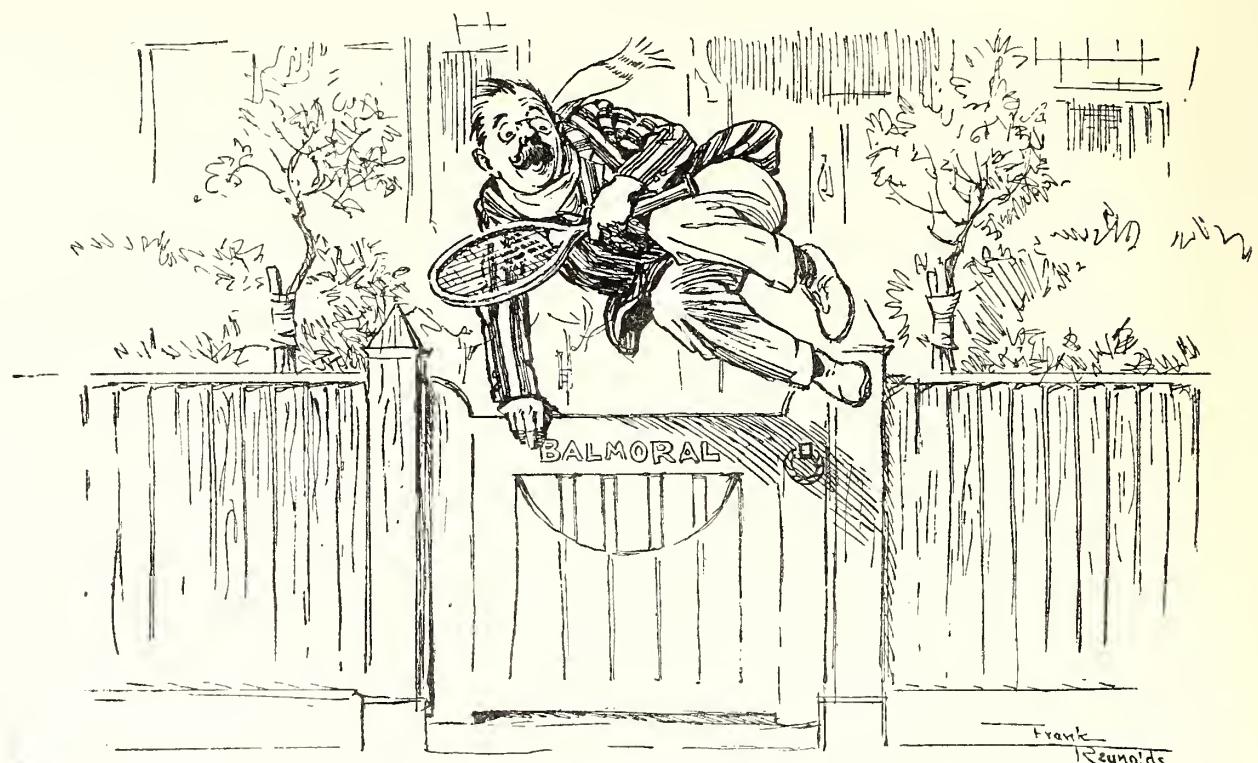
Bill (from the cart). "But, Gearge, you shorty bain't goin' to cinema wi'out first cleanin' oop a bit."
Gearge. "Yer doan' ave ter—yer sits in the dark."



Face Massage Specialist. "No doubt, Sir, your speeches on Frightfulness have affected your expression."
Prussian Orator. "Well, you must do the best you can for me. To-night I have to speak on 'Our Love for the Smaller Nations.'



Leaving home for the City is one thing—



but—oh, tennis!"



Perfect stranger (to Jones, who has not forgotten Willie's birthday). "Ain't you ashamed to go batting these days?"



Wife (to warrior, whose politeness to the waitress has been duly noted). "Hum! You seem to 'ave come back 'alf French."



Farmer. "There's a big un over yonder. Why don't ye 'ave a goo at 'e?"

Dry Fly Purist. "Ah! *Fario* taking *nymphæ*. No good at all."

Farmer. "One o' them educated fish, I presoom?"



TELEPHONE THRILLS.

Wife of Munitioneer. "Whatever do you think, George? Lord FitzPurple has just rung us up."

George. "Wot—o' purpose?"

Wife. "No—in horror."



Tar (by way of opening the conversation). "Ahem! Been out in the lifeboat often, Miss?"



Host (by way of keeping his guest's mind off the state of the course). "Astonishing how quickly people have forgotten the War." Guest. "What—with this mud, and you at the slope?"



New-comer. "Anything exciting in that last over?"

Student of Sporting Press. "Exciting! I should say so! Why, the old Cantab 'elped 'isself to six sixes in succession at the expense of 'is erstwhile club-mate."



MANNERS AND MODES.
THE SPELL OF THE SAXOPHONE.



Gretchen. "Will it never end? Think of our awful responsibility before humanity."
Hans. "And these everlasting sardines for every meal."



Sympathetic Father (to son returning to school). "I know the feeling, old man. I used to feel just the same when my leave was up and I had to go back to France."

Son. "Yes; but then you had a revolver."



Mistress. "What is the matter, Simp'kins?"

Agitated Butler. "Well, Ma'am, we find the master's gone off to the Peace Conference without his favourite mashie."



TRIALS OF THE FISH-TRADE.

"Clothes, my dear! Don't mention clothes. You ought to be in the fish line. Why, I runs through a set o' furs in about a month!"

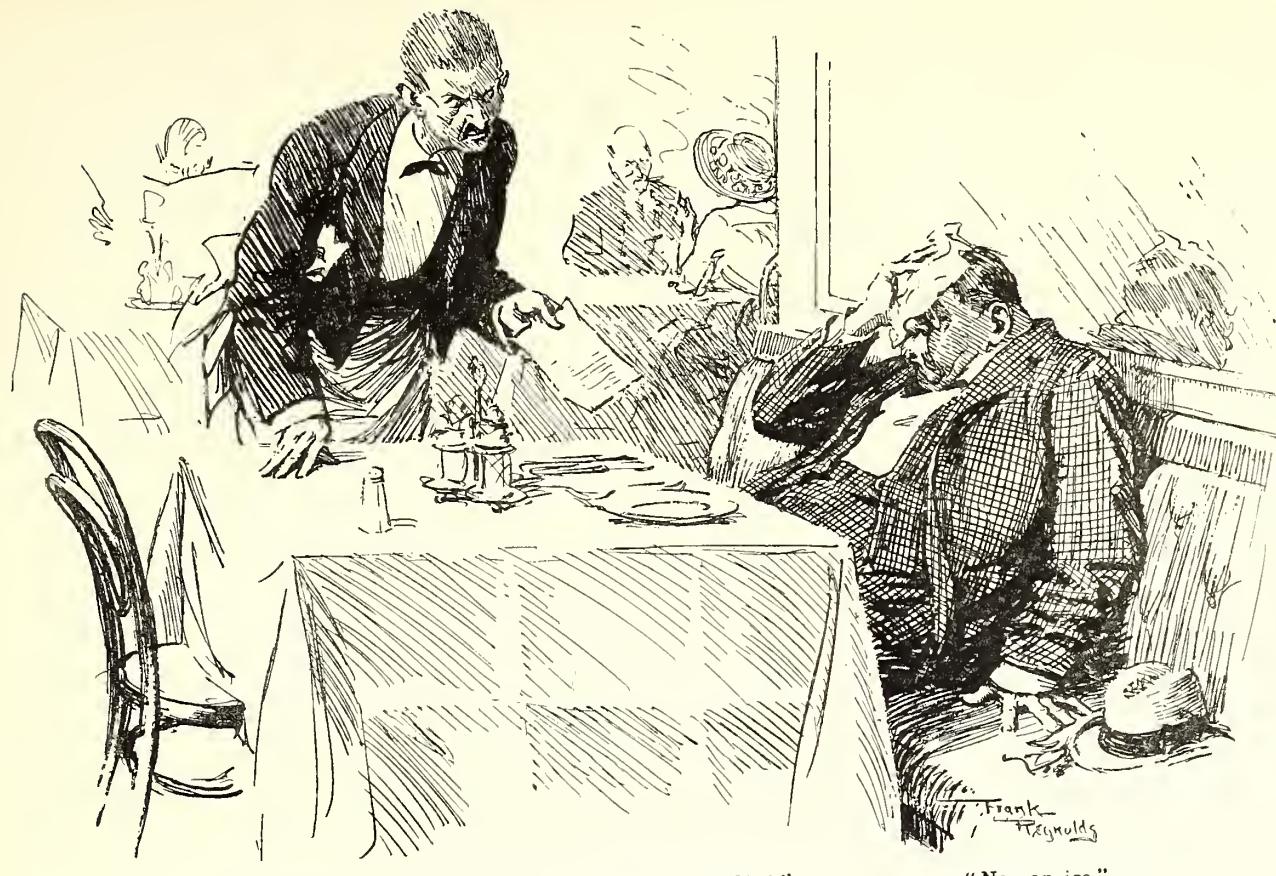


Professional (to self-made man having his first lesson). "You've hit this one hard enough, Sir, and no'mistake. Why, I've never seen a ball gashed like that before."

Self-made Man. "Well, lad, Ah mostly do get results from onything Ah takes oop."



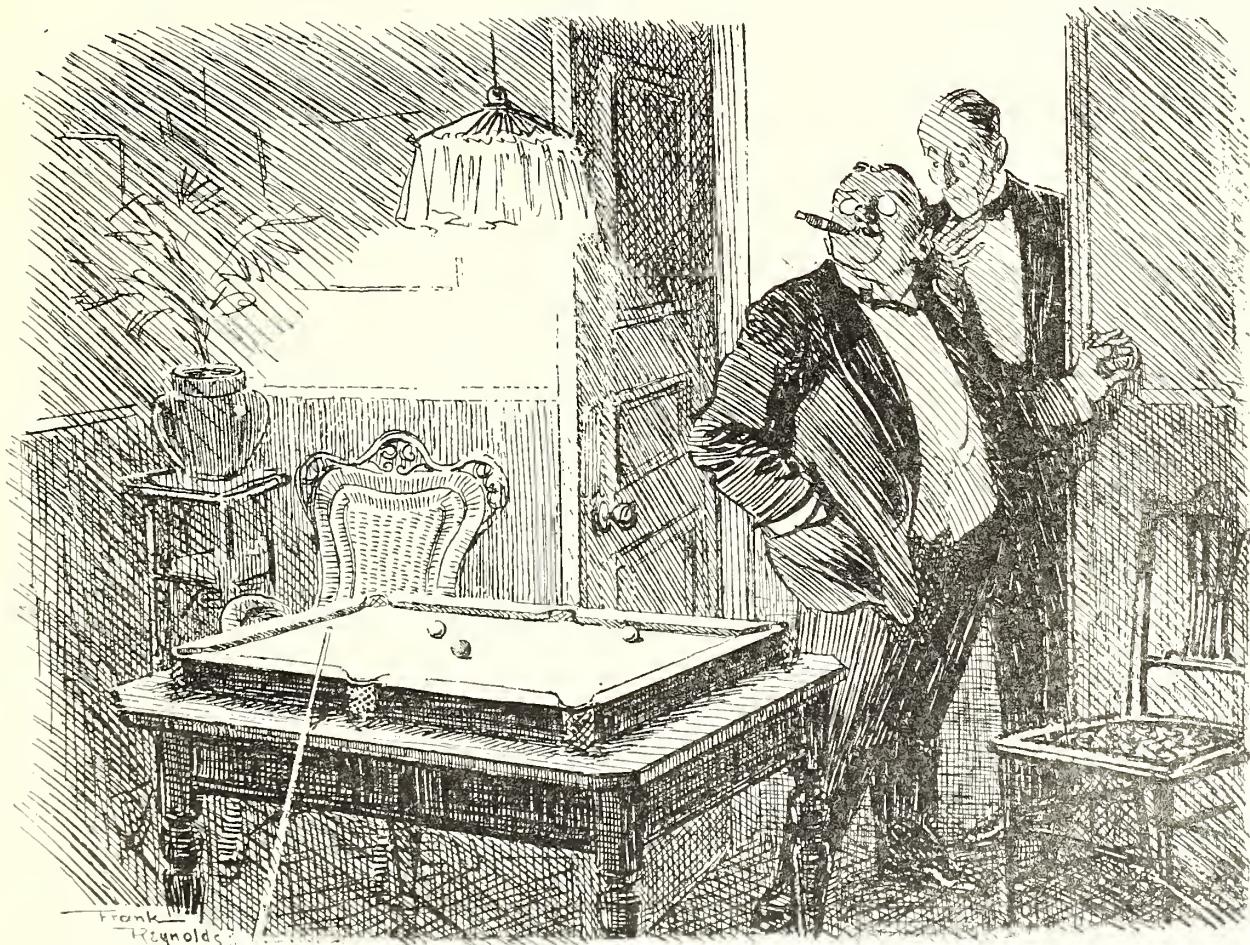
The Wife (bitterly). "Yes, it makes a nice outin' for me, don't it— settin' in the rain all day guardin' a tin o' worms?"



"Bring me two eggs."

"On toast, Sir?"

"No—on ice."



Host (switching on the light). "Fond of billiards?"



Café Genius. "The fact is we make ourselves too cheap. Of course the public pays to see our pictures, but the blighters can come and see US for nothing."



Patient. "And you really think there is nothing wrong with my eyesight?" *Oculist.* "Nothing at all. Perfectly normal." *Patient.* "Ah, then it must be the way I've been holding my putter."



Wage earner (to parent, who has been suitably attired for revelry). "You look a fair treat in Lil's furs, Ma." Ma. "Yes, Lil's furs is all right; but it's Lil's boots that's goin' to spoil my evenin'."



Wife. "Tell me what you think of it, James? After all, you've got to pay for it." James. "I leave it to you, my dear. After all, you've got to wear it."

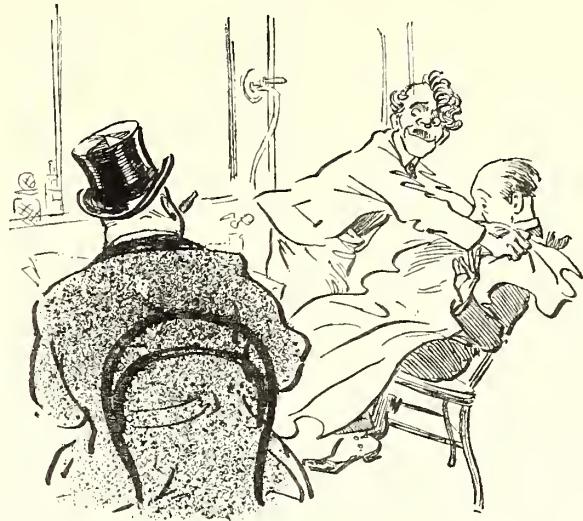


REVERIE.

"No, darling, not in the study. Your father went round in bogey to-day and wants to have a nice long think about it."



"What do you think of the paper this morning, Sir ?"



"Quite time we had compulsion, eh ?"



"No good shutting our eyes to facts."



"What we want is more energy."



"Of course mistakes will happen"—



"And it's no good pouring cold water on enthusiasm."



"I'm hoping for that 'forward push' in the Spring."



"Well, it will be a great relief when it's all over."

WARFARE AT THE BARBER'S.

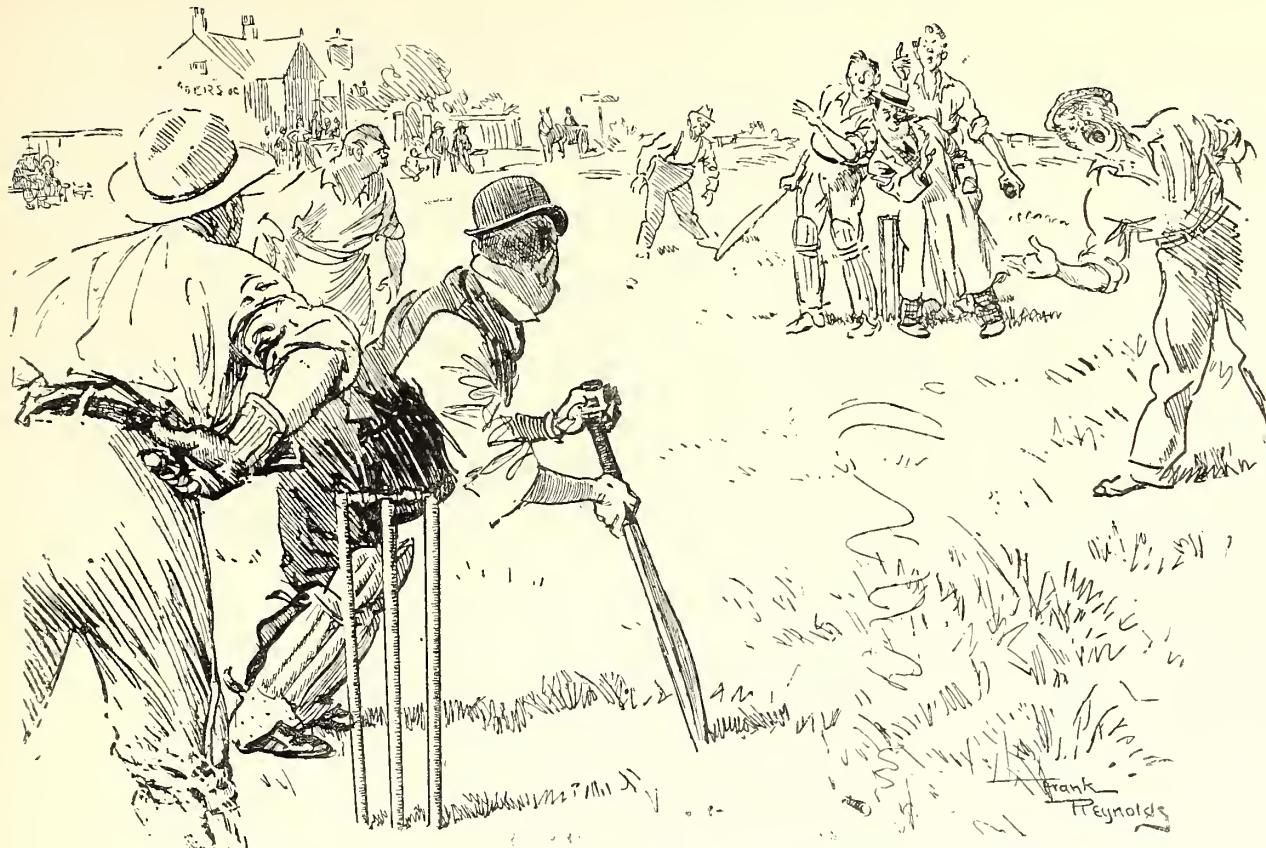


British Casualty. "Nah then, Longshanks, trim the barrer! Can't you see we're all cock-eyed? Just you bob down a bit and tell Little Tich to shift 'is pole on to 'is 'at."

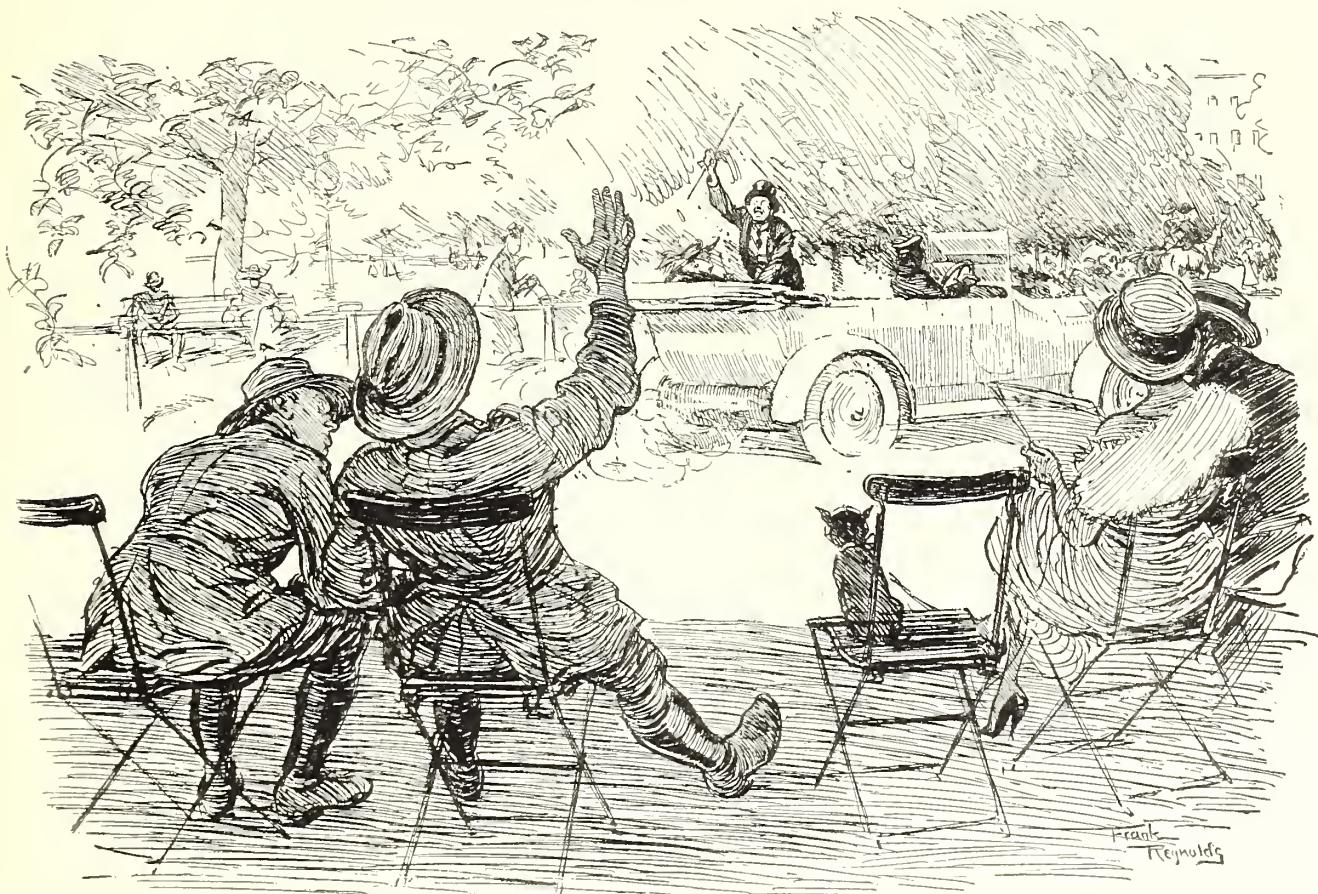


DRESSING THE PART.

Stout Tramp (who has been successful at the last house). "This is a nice 'at she's give me,"
Partner. "Yus, it is a nice 'at; but, mind you, it ain't got the bread-winnin' qualities of the old 'un."



AN AFTER-LUNCHEON PROBLEM. THE GIVING OF CENTRE.



First Australian. "'Oo's yer swell pal, Digger?'"

Second Ditto. "I dunno his name, but I remember his face. I give him a bit of bacon just outside St. Quintin."



*Keen Dancing Man (on his way to the Assembly Rooms). "I say, can't we go a bit faster?"
Growler. "It ain't no good hustling this 'orse. 'E knows where we're goin', and that means Fox-Trot or
nothin' with 'im."*



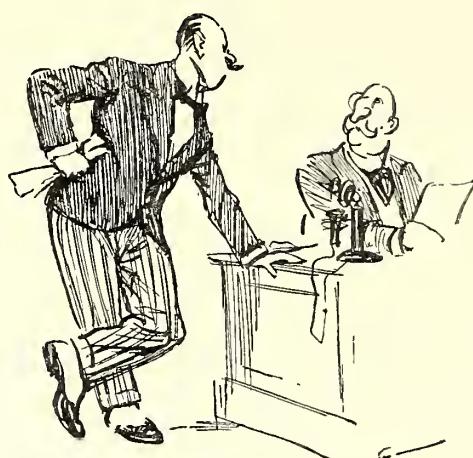
FOR THIS RELIEF . . .
AT LAST WE CAN USE THE NEW HOSE WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.



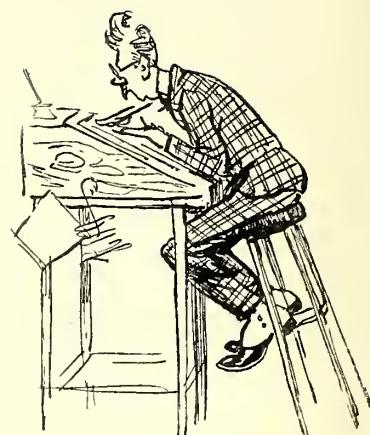
Beginner (by way of completing extensive outfit). "Let me see, there was some other club they told me to get? Ah, yes, you'd better let me have a ribbed-faced stymie."



Becoming in the case
of the chief,—



permissible in the junior
partner—



and perhaps to be tolerated in a
confidential clerk.



But when the office-boy
takes to spats—



who—

knows—



where—



it —



will—



end ?

THE DOWNWARD SPREAD OF THE SPATS HABIT.



Golfer (in the agony of seven down and eight to play). "Ah, this is where one needs a temperament—eh, caddie?"
Caddie. "Well, seein' as we don't carry one I should have a wollop with the niblick."



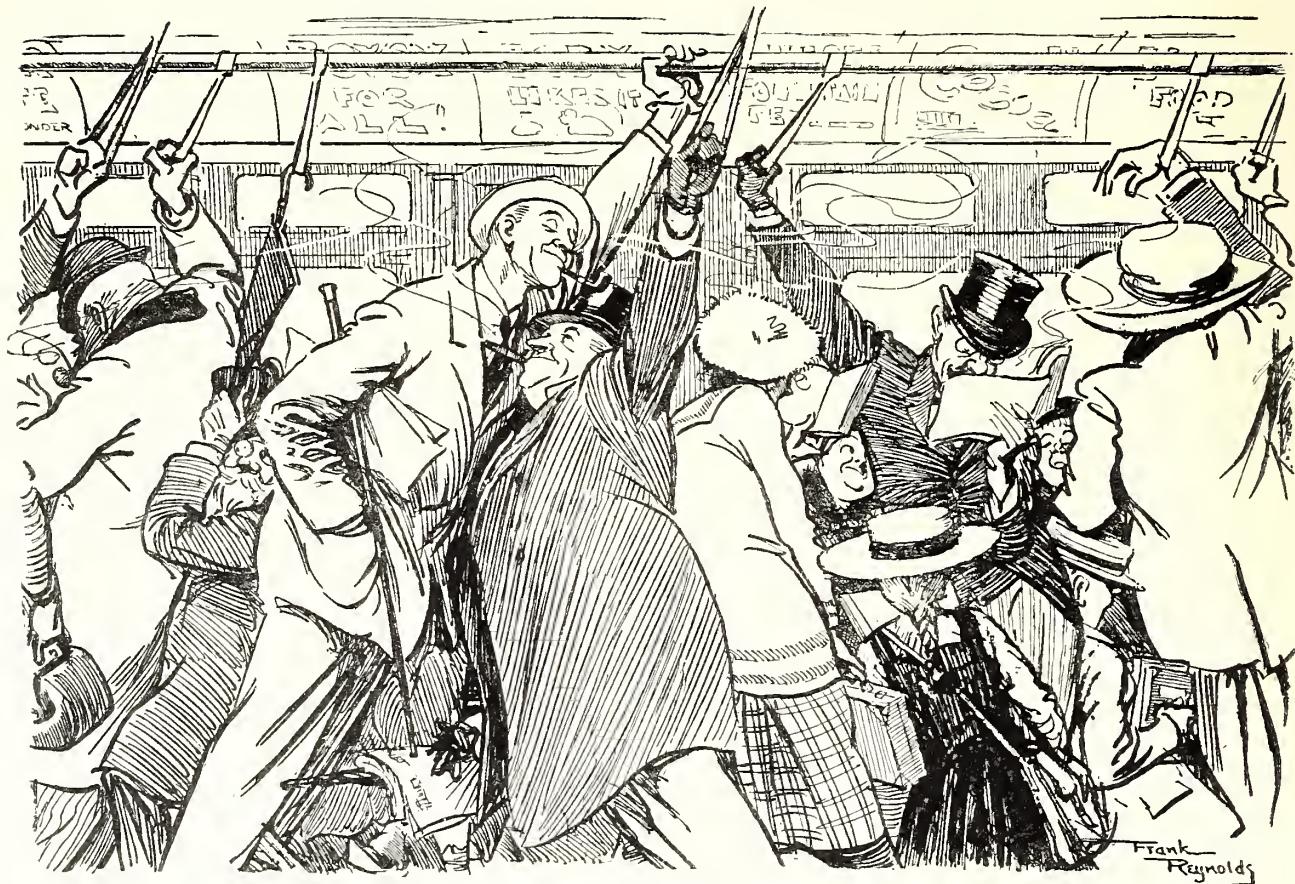
CHEER-O!

"Just run up and call your father again, dear. Tell him breakfast will be cold, the letters have come, two bills and a notice from the tribunal, and a crisis in the newspaper, and I'm not quite sure about his egg."



Beginner (after repeated failures). "Funny game, golf."

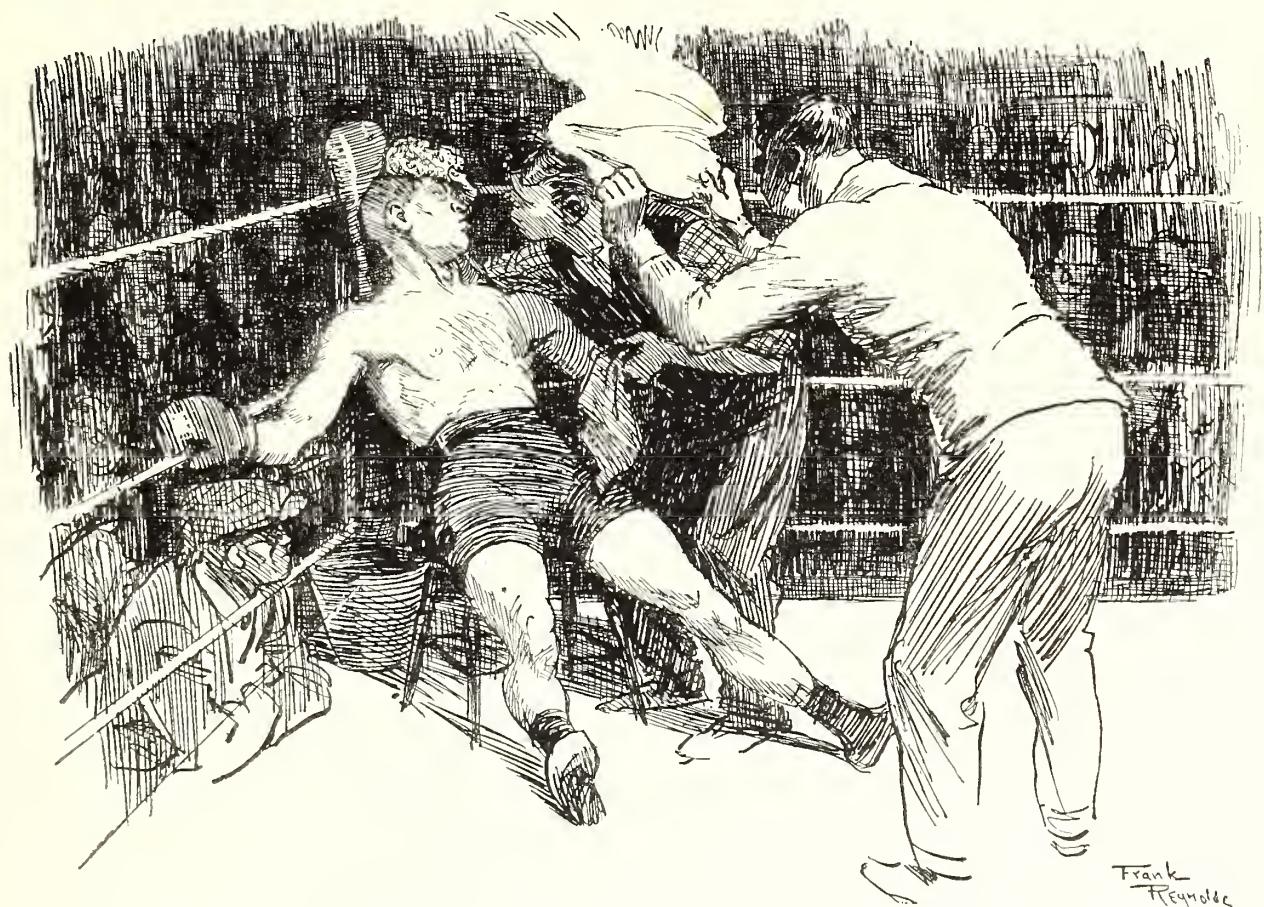
Caddie. "'Tain't meant to be."



PARADISE REGAINED.
BACK TO THE NORMAL AFTER THE STRIKE.



Captain (*to very unsuccessful lob bowler*). "Oi be sorry to 'ave to take 'ee off, Garge, but I must let the Vicar 'ave a go before the ball gets egg-shaped."



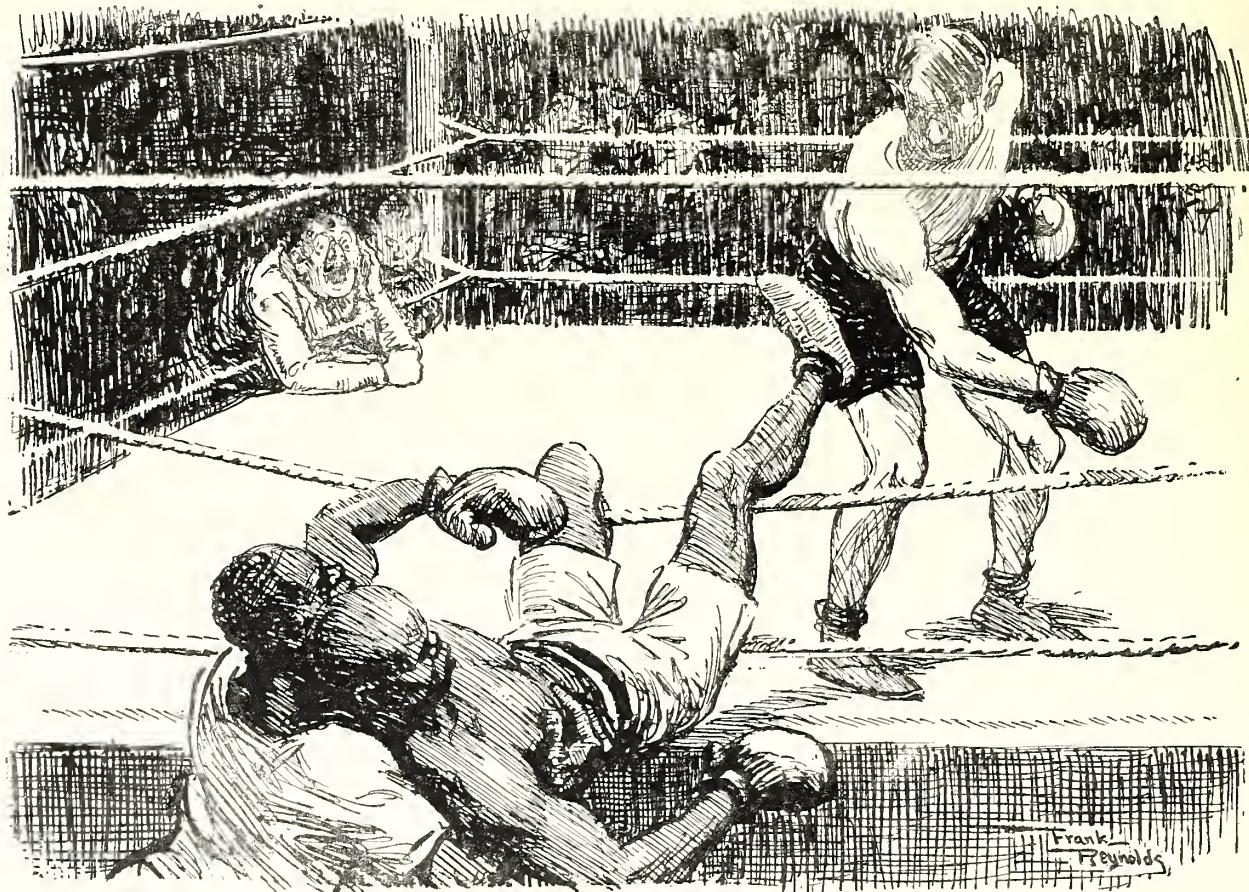
A POOR LOOK-OUT.

Second. "Well, 'e 'asn't 'arf closed this eye up for you, Bill."

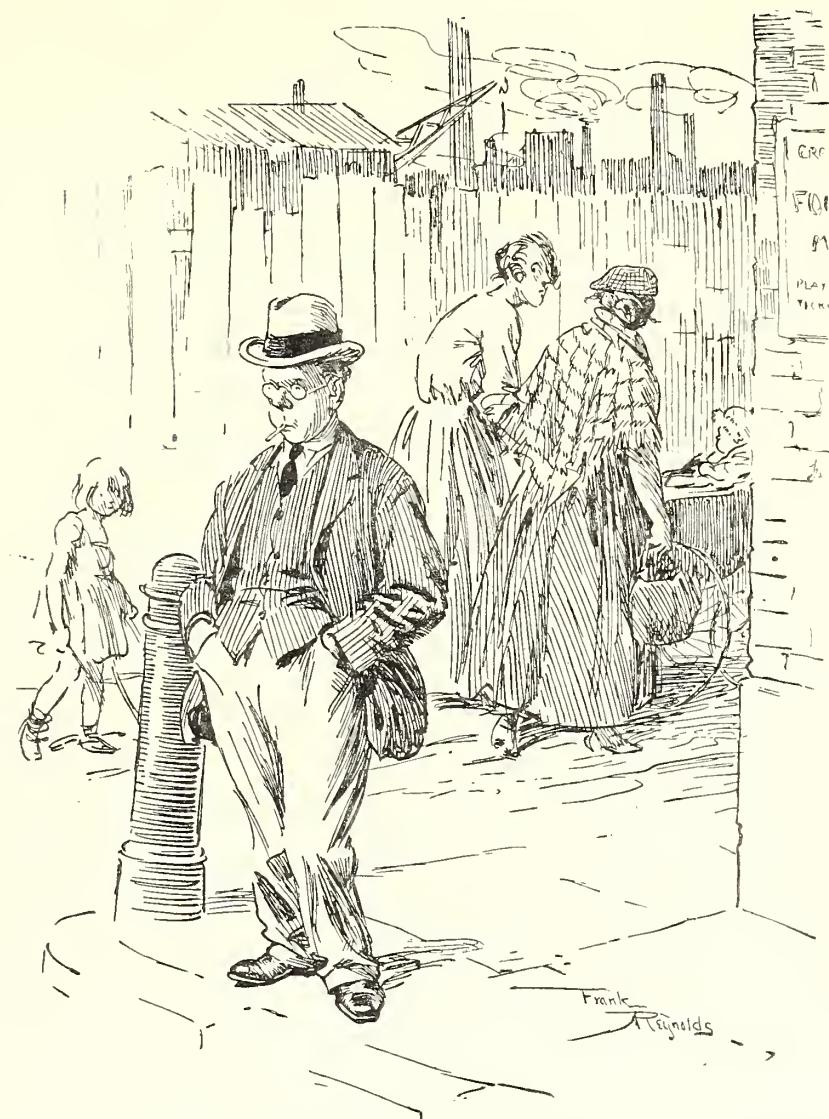
Bill (*hopelessly*). "Yus—an' it's the 'ypnotic one."



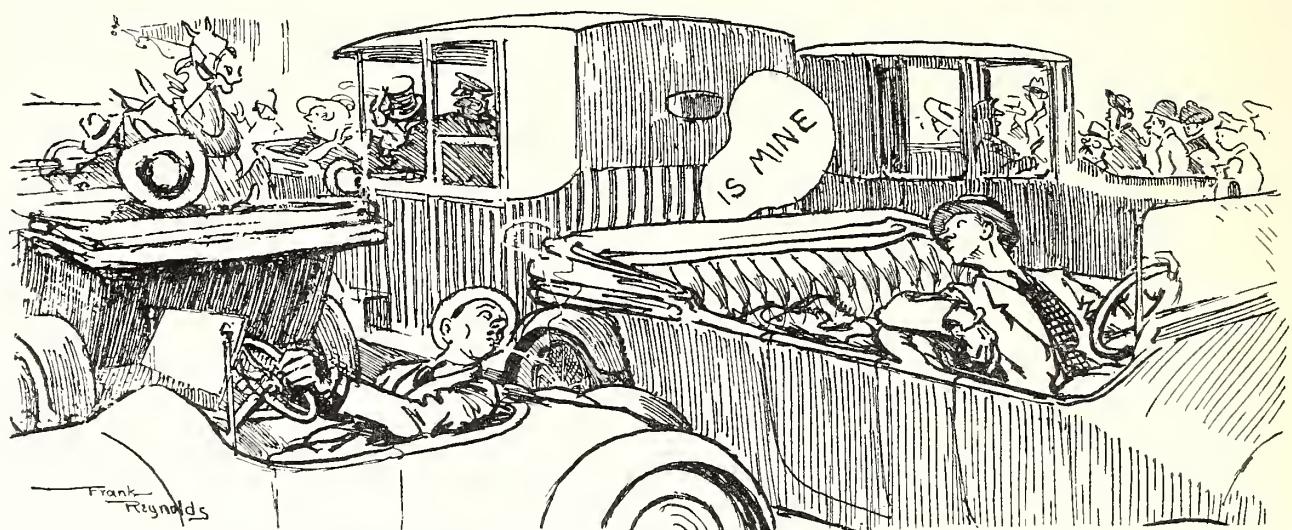
Father. "Oh, yes, I used to play quite a lot of cricket. I once made forty-seven." *Son.* "What—with a hard ball, Father?"



Elated Second (as much-fancied negro is floored in the first round). "That's knocked a bit of the choclic off!"



Lady with pram (who has been pointing out to newcomer the beauties of the neighbourhood, where a strike is threatened). "That's one of the 'Ot 'Eads."



A TRAGEDY OF CONGESTION.



Manager (by way of introducing rival stars). "Let me see, have you two glared at each other before?"



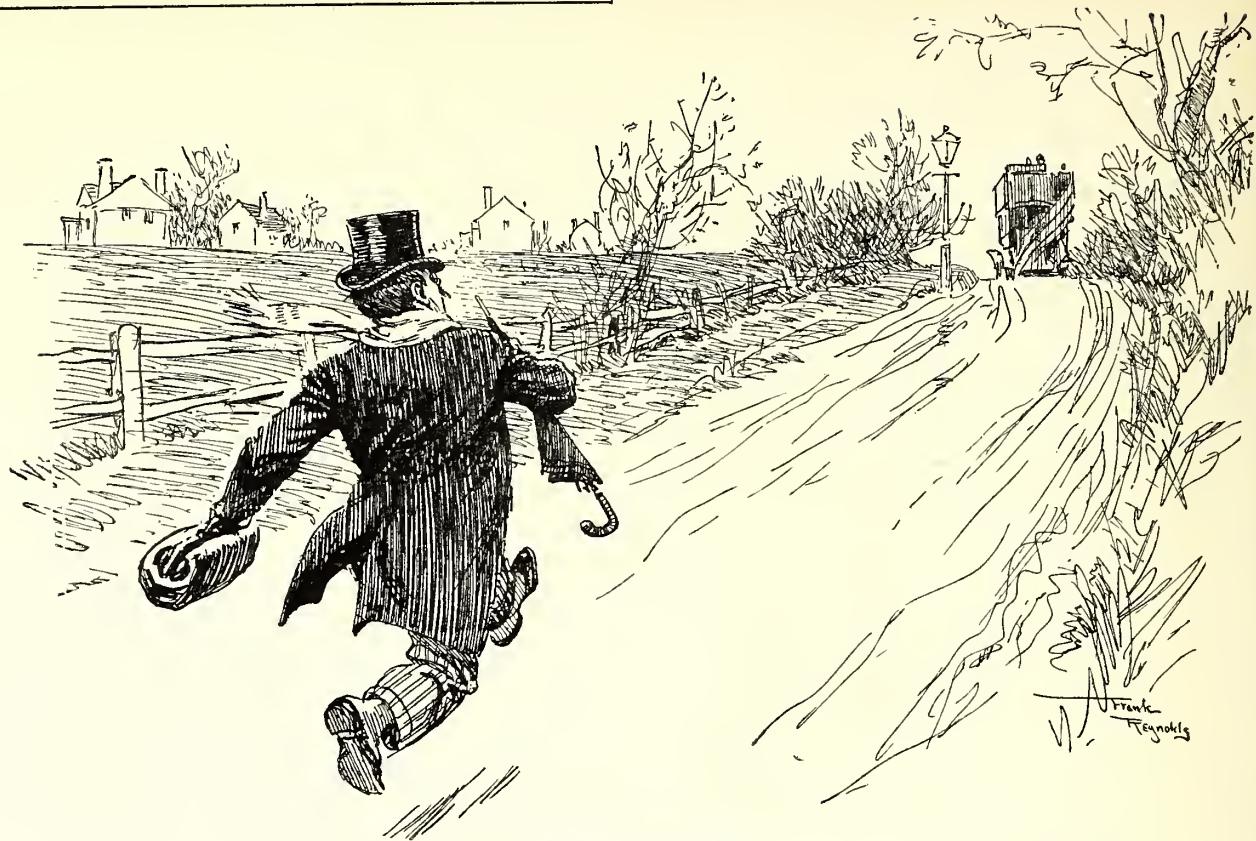
*Hostess (at a loss for a topic). "Did you ever see 'Charley's Aunt'?"
Guest. "Well, really, I'm ashamed to say I've never even seen Mr. Chaplin himself."*



American Guest (much impressed by the atmosphere of famous Club). "Say, host, when does the hidden choir start?"



THE INTRUDER.



OUR SUBURB.

WE USED TO HAVE TO CYCLE TO THE STATION ; BUT NOW WE HAVE THE BUS.

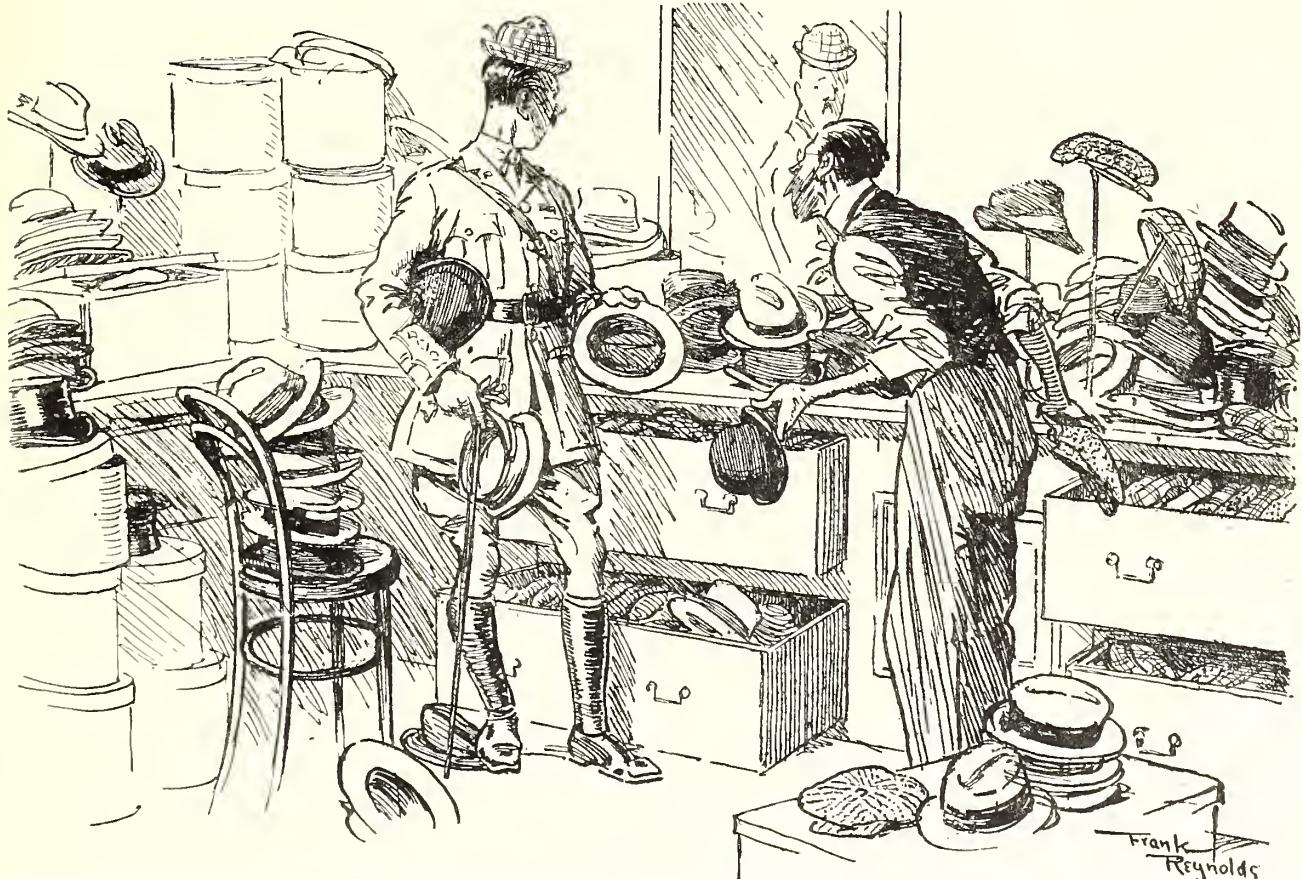


Inveterate Golfer (stung by the leading article). "I suppose I am really non-essential. It's hard to realise this with one's handicap just reduced to seven."



FRIGHTFULNESS FOILED.

Spectator (to player about to abandon the game). "Why, what's the matter? Aren't you going to play any more?" Urchin. "No, I ain't! What's the good of a soft ball to me? I'm a fast bowler."



Exhausted Shopman. "Well, Sir, you've had on every hat in the place. I'm sure I don't know what to suggest." Fastidious Warrior (hopelessly). "No, I see nothing for it but to remain in the Army."



Colonel (back with his battalion from front lines—to horsey and immaculate Railway Transport Officer). "Engines a bit frisky this morning?"



THE DAWN OF SPRING IN OUR SUBURB.
STUDY OF TWO ROMANTIC NATURES RISING SUPERIOR TO THEIR ENVIRONMENT.



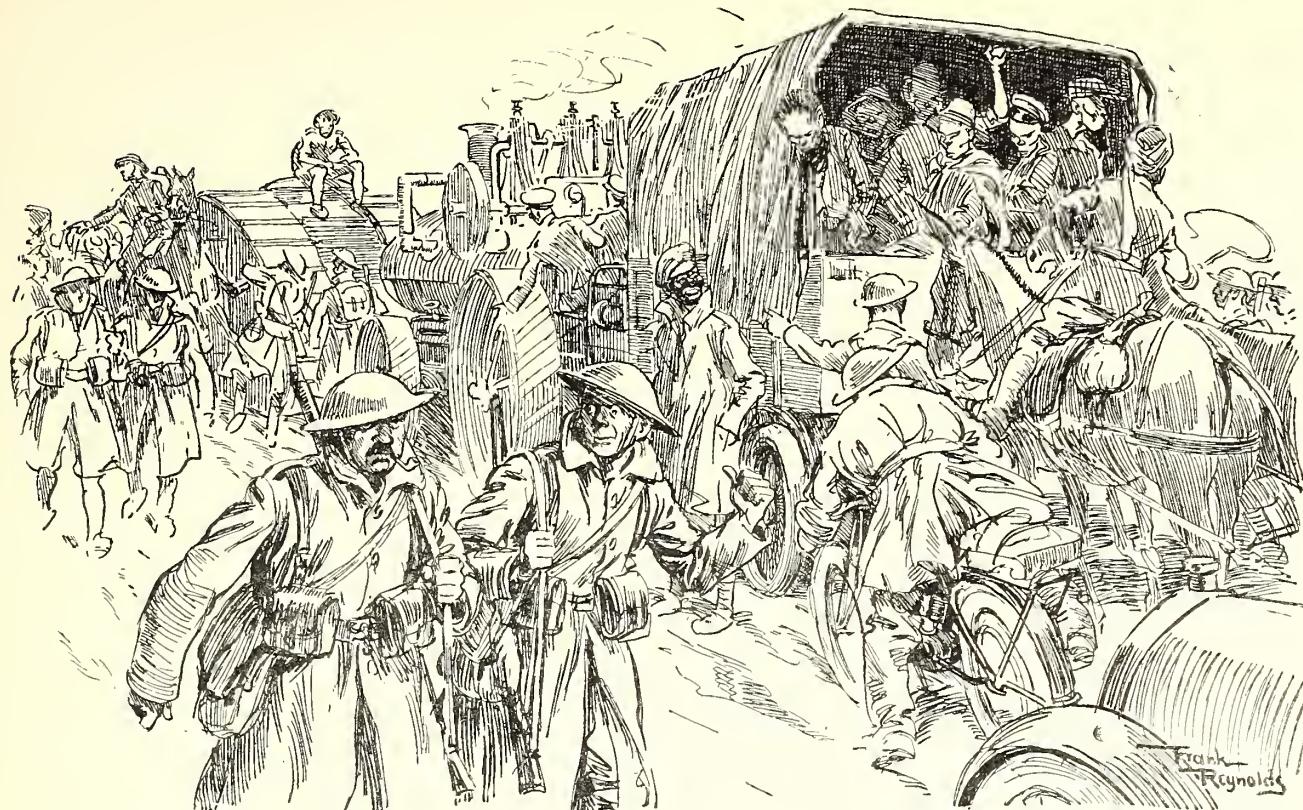
"Don't you remember me, Sir? You saved my life at Ypres."
"Did I? I'm sorry."

Frank
Reynolds



MUSICIANS AT PLAY.

A VIOLINIST HAS OCCASION TO ADJUST HIS BATTING-GLOVES.



Newly arrived Tommy. "Lummy ! you do see some sights on this road. What price that engine affair just gone by ? Did you notice it ?"

Old Hand. "Notice it ! Why, if a rhinoceros was to come along in a tin 'at, I shouldn't pass no remarks "

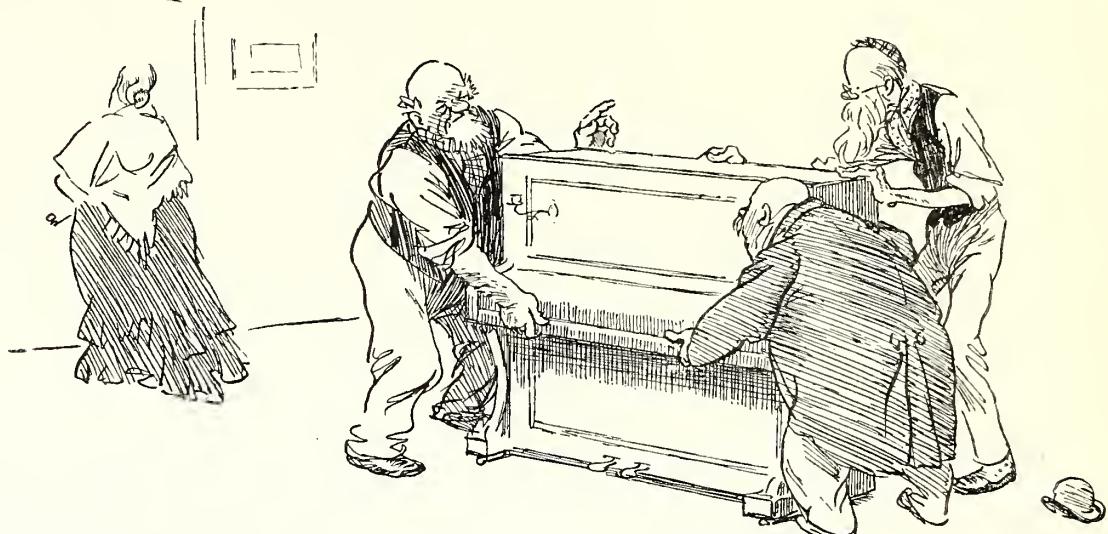


Lady (interrupting butler's flirtation) "Really, Clarkson, what an example !"

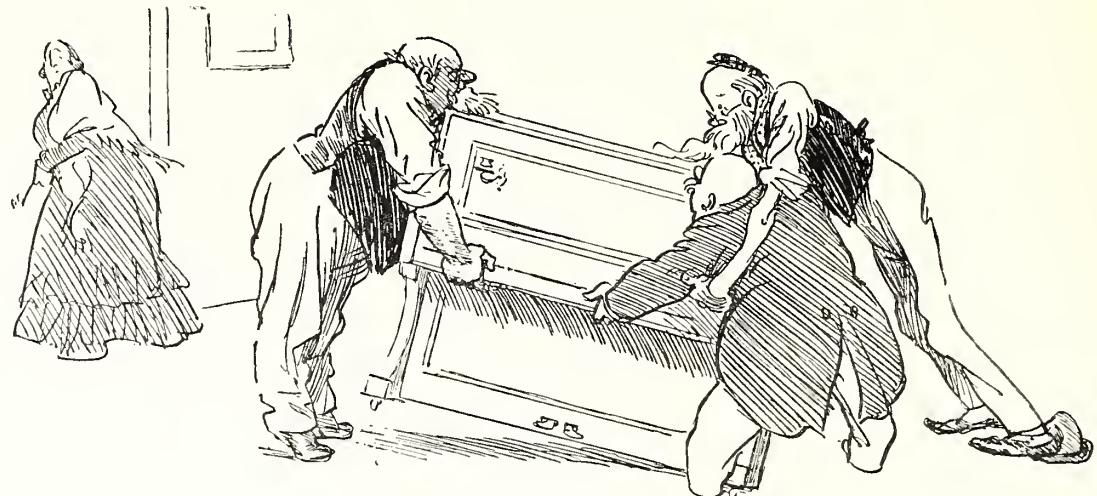
Butler. "I crave your pardon, my lady, but the young person is always saying, 'Do unbend, Mr. Clarkson'; and being the festive season, my lady—I unbent."



British matron, in a spasm of patriotism, decides to get rid of her German piano. Messrs. Dugout and Co. undertake to remove it.

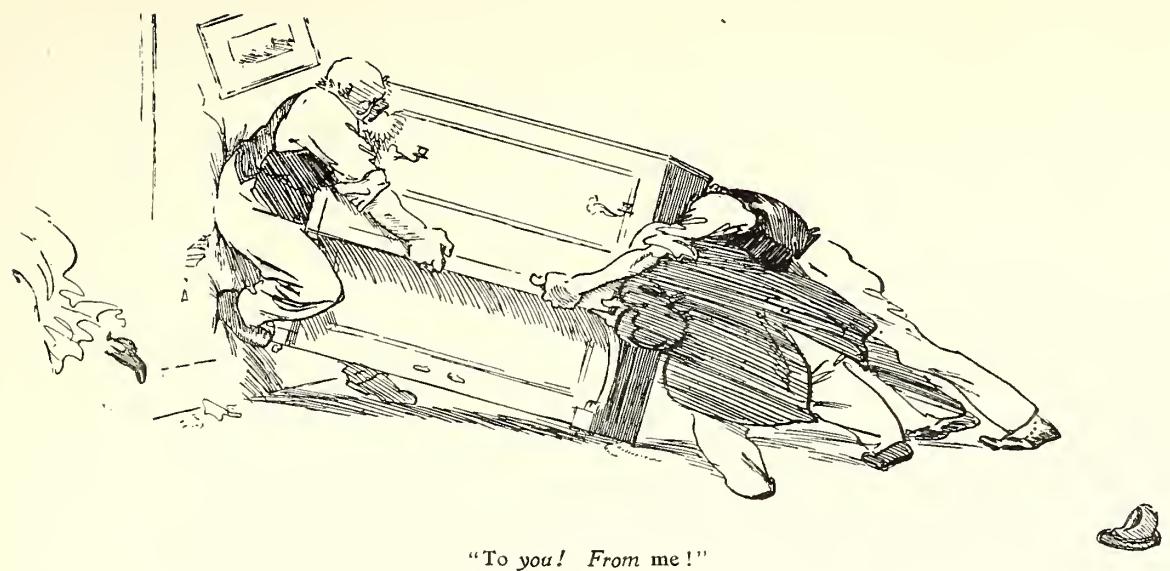


"Now, then, when I ses, 'To me !'"

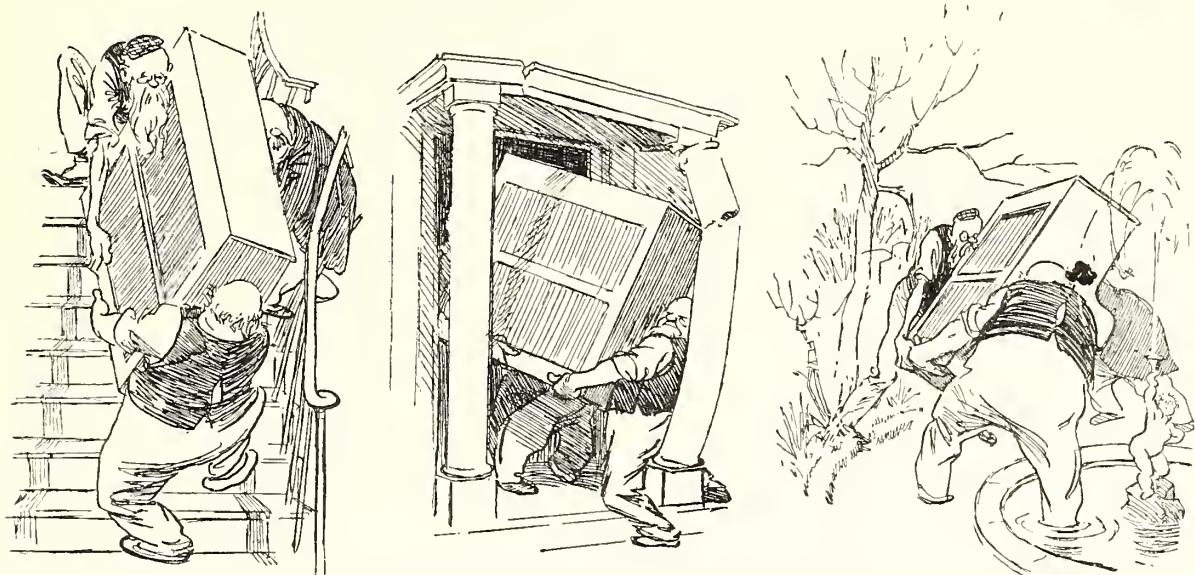


"TO ME!"

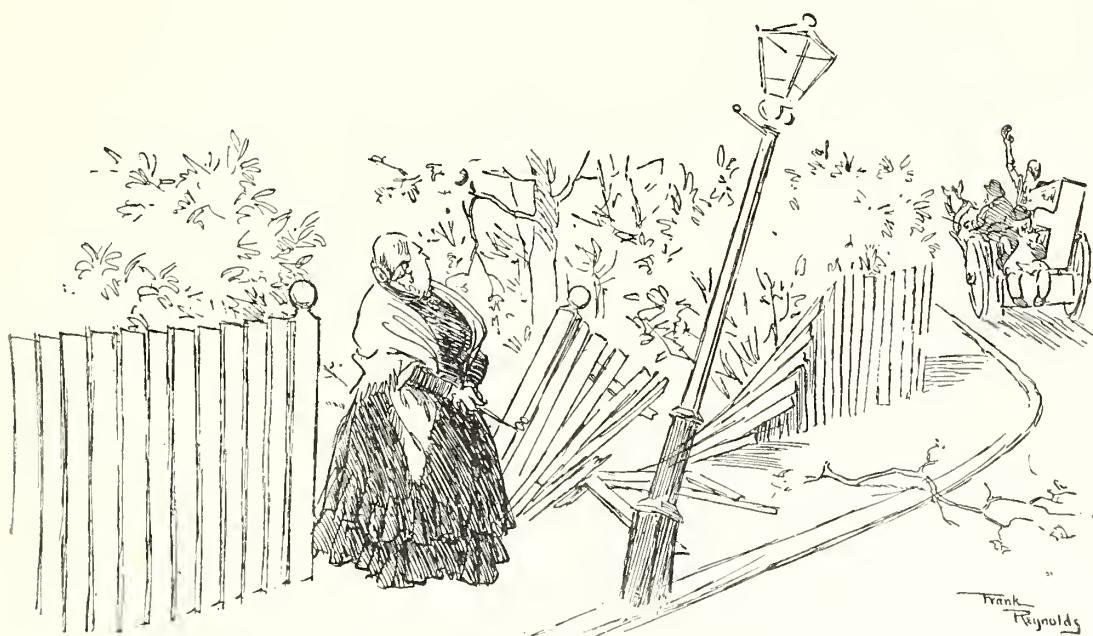
THE EVICTION OF AN ENEMY IN OUR MIDST—I.



"To you! From me!"



The spirit of frightfulness active to the very end.



Peace—at a price.

THE EVICTION OF AN ENEMY IN OUR MIDST—II.



Convivial Member (with the best of intentions). "I want to introduce you to a dear old friend of mine—one of the very best—one of the whitest men unhung."



MANNERS AND MODES.

DARBY AND JOAN (FOR THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC SPARES NEITHER AGE NOR VIRTUE) FAIL TO FIND THE WINNER OF THE 2.30.



Tommy (to pal, whose feet have become entangled in ground bait). "Look out, Digger; can't you see you're a-standin' on the gentleman's propaganda?"



*Golfer. "What's the matter, Sandy? Aren't you going to play this afternoon?"
Sandy. "Man, have you not heard? I've lost ma ball."*



Shortsighted Traveller. "Is there some delay on the line, my good man?" *Naval Officer.* "Who the — do you think I am, Sir?" *Traveller.* "Er—n—not the Vicar, anyway!"

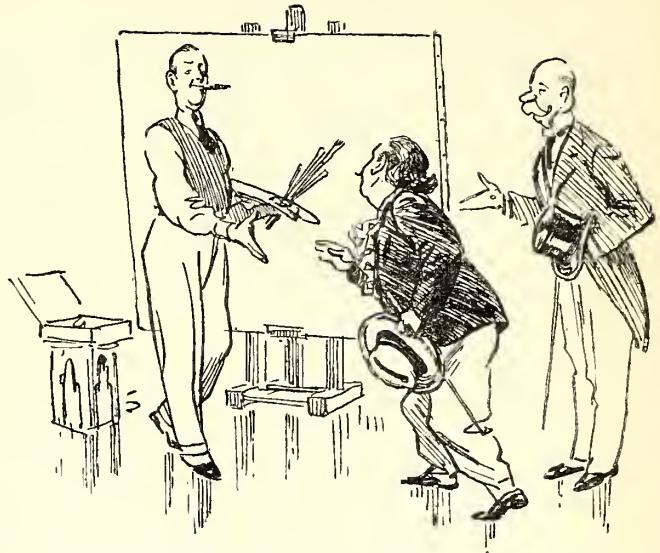


MORE OF THE COMING REACTION.

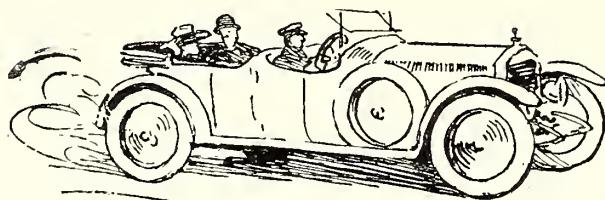
Smithson. "Does your mother smoke, Thompson?" *Thompson (gloomily).* "Yes, she does." *Smithson.* "How rotten for you!"



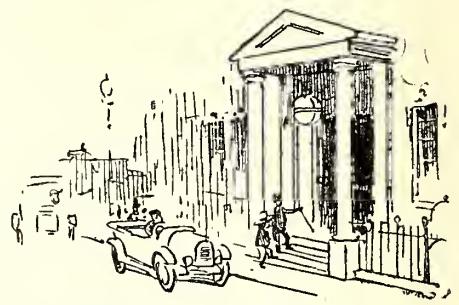
As a keen photographer and a lover of art—



I was naturally delighted to meet Sir Cobalt Blue,
the celebrated painter.



He very kindly took me to—

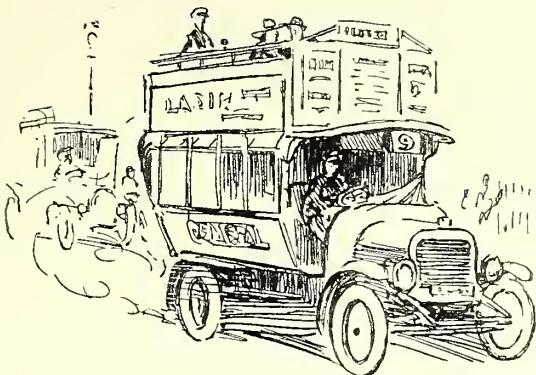


the famous "Palette" Club—



which I had always imagined the very home of Art.

THE REALMS OF ART.



What a relief it was to be able to take him—



to the dear old "Tripod."



Here one gets the real atmosphere.

THE REALMS OF ART.



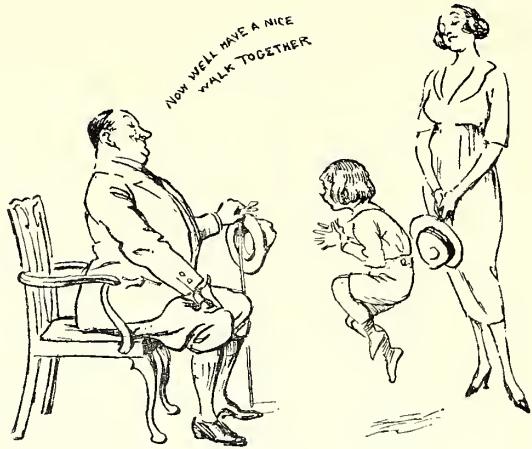
THE CONVALESCENT.



"Oh! do wear your khaki tie, dad, or else no one will know you're a soldier."



Coastguard (rung up by the Military). "Not so much of yer 'Ack ! Ack ! and yer old 'Pip Emma !' Let's 'ave the bloomin' messige."

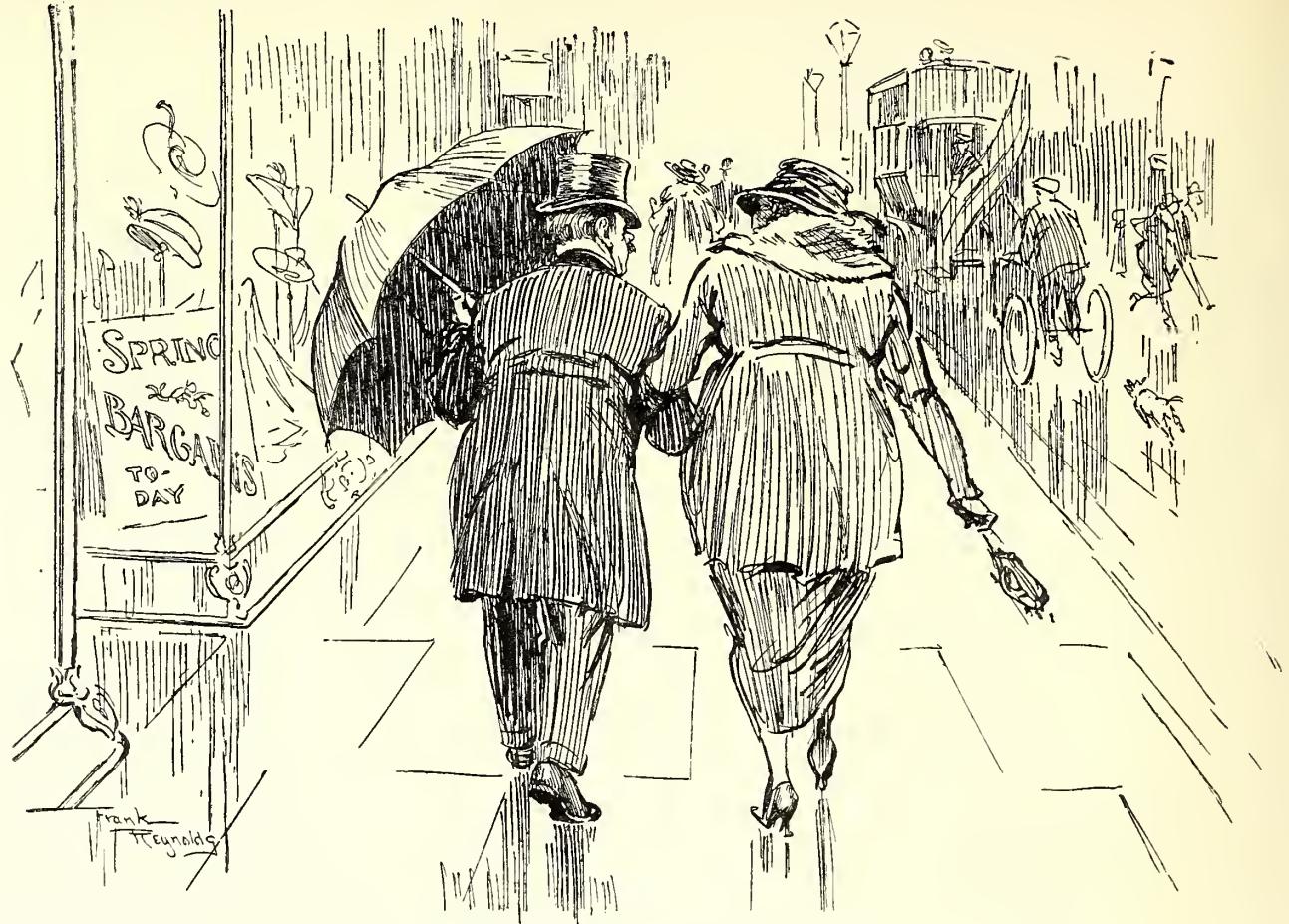


A COUNTRY WALK WITH UNCLE JIM.



Frank
Reynolds

A COUNTRY WALK WITH UNCLE JIM.



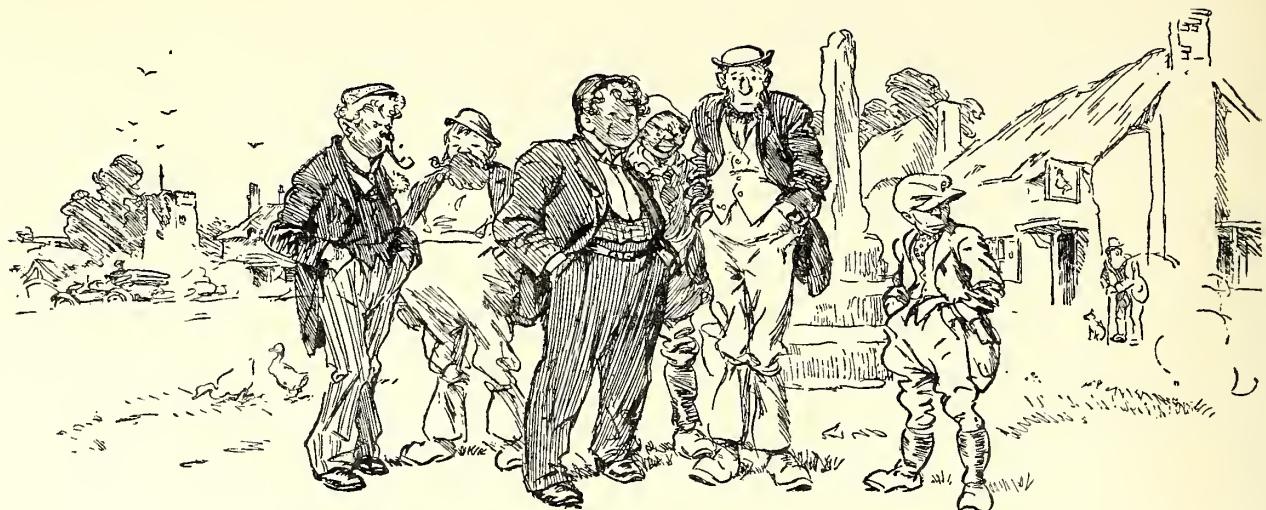
HINTS TO HUSBANDS: THE UMBRELLA SCREEN.



SAD PLIGHT OF A TREE WHO COULD NOT AVOID A CUP-TIE.



THE RECRUIT'S FAREWELL TO HIS BOWLER.



1914.

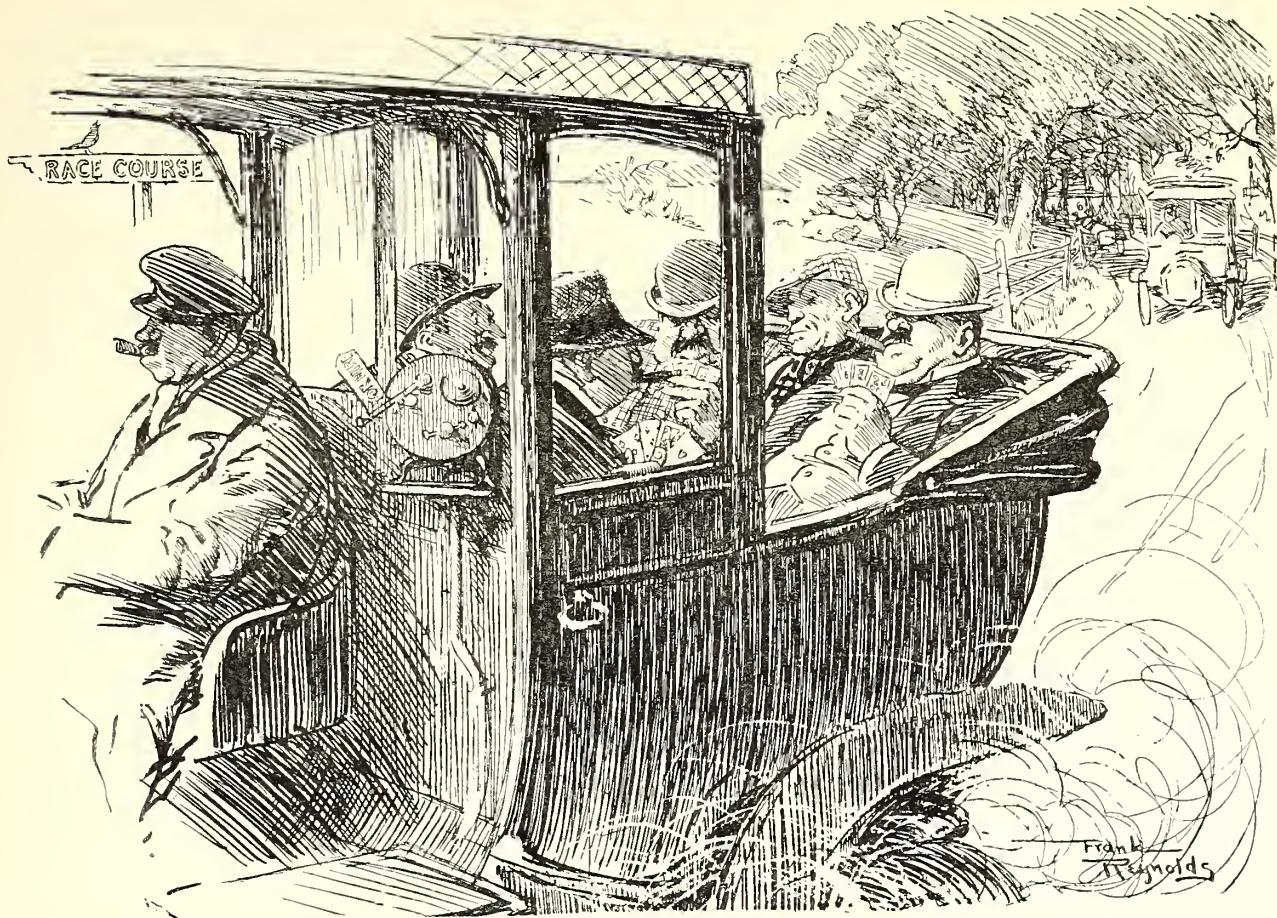


1916.



1919.

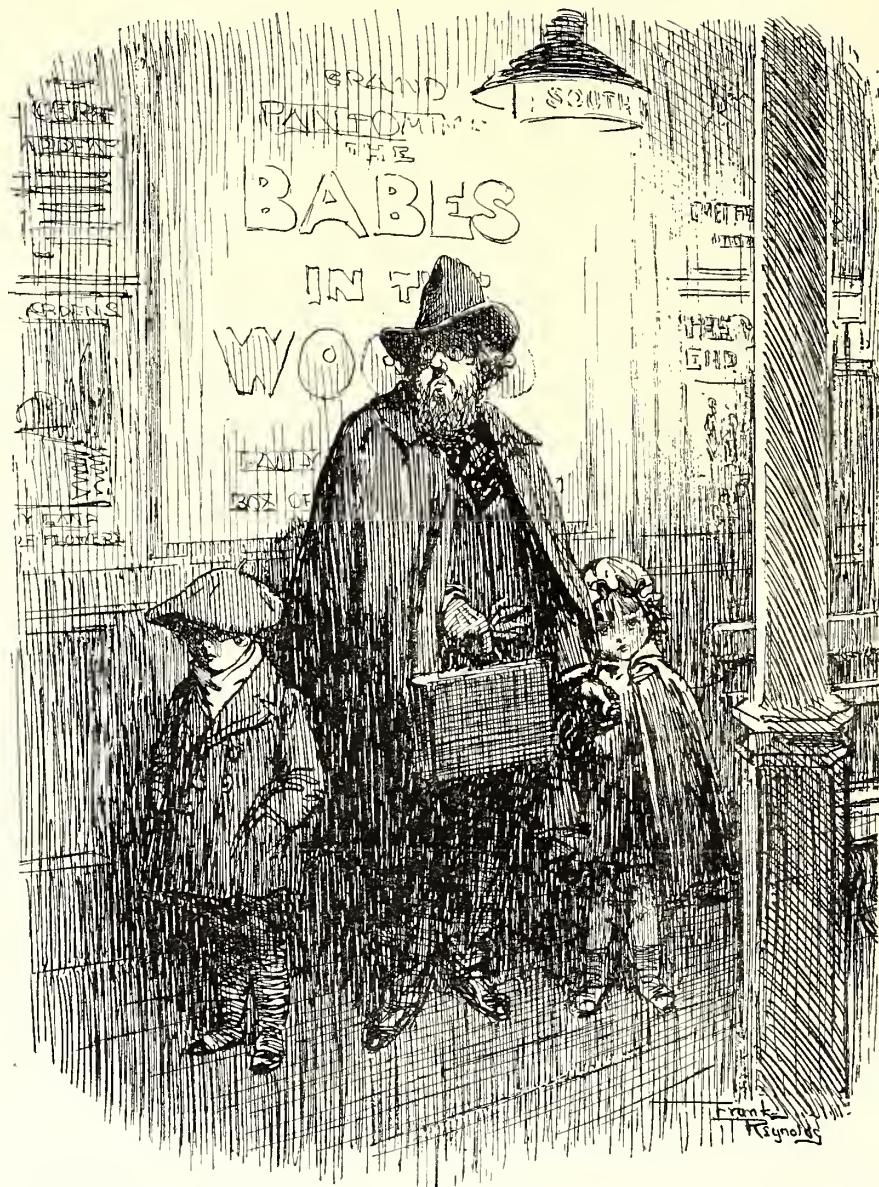
THE LADS OF OUR VILLAGE.



OUR NATURE CORRESPONDENT WRITES TO US THAT THE COUNTRYSIDE IS LOOKING ALMOST PERFECT.



Joan. "One really sees some very respectable-looking people among these theatrical folk."
Rev. Darby. "Oh, dear me, yes! I understand that many of them have quite nice homes."



THE PANTOMIME SEASON: AN UNREHEARSED TABLEAU ON THE UNDERGROUND.

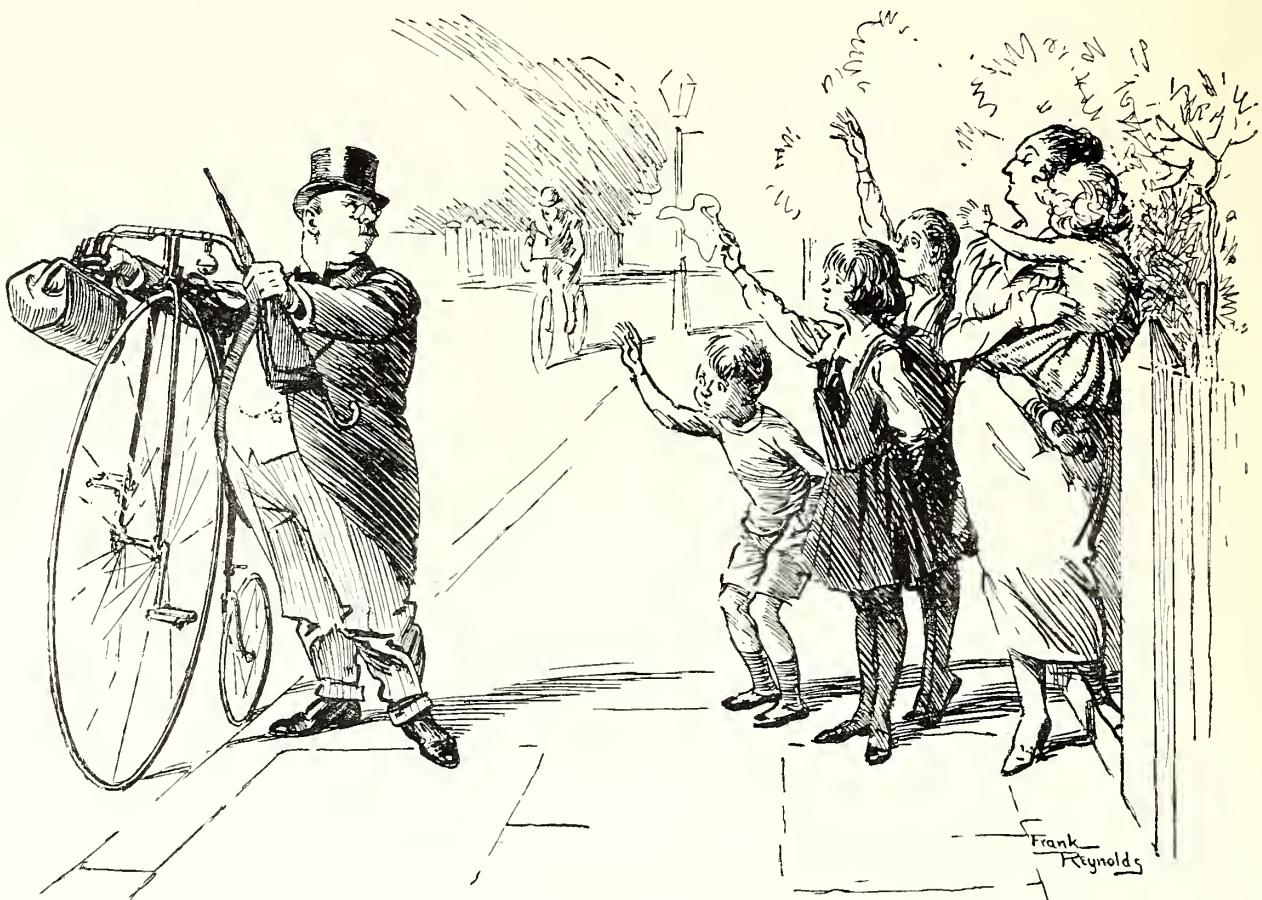


MANNERS AND MODES.
HERO-WORSHIP : DISTRACTIONS OF THE FILM WORLD.



Earnest Citizen (loth to leave his subject). "And, mark you, the real trouble with regard to labour is that neither party will concede a single point. They will have their pound of flesh—no 'give and take.'"

Earnest Golfer. "Oh, yes—quite. But I really must ask you to hole out *this one*."

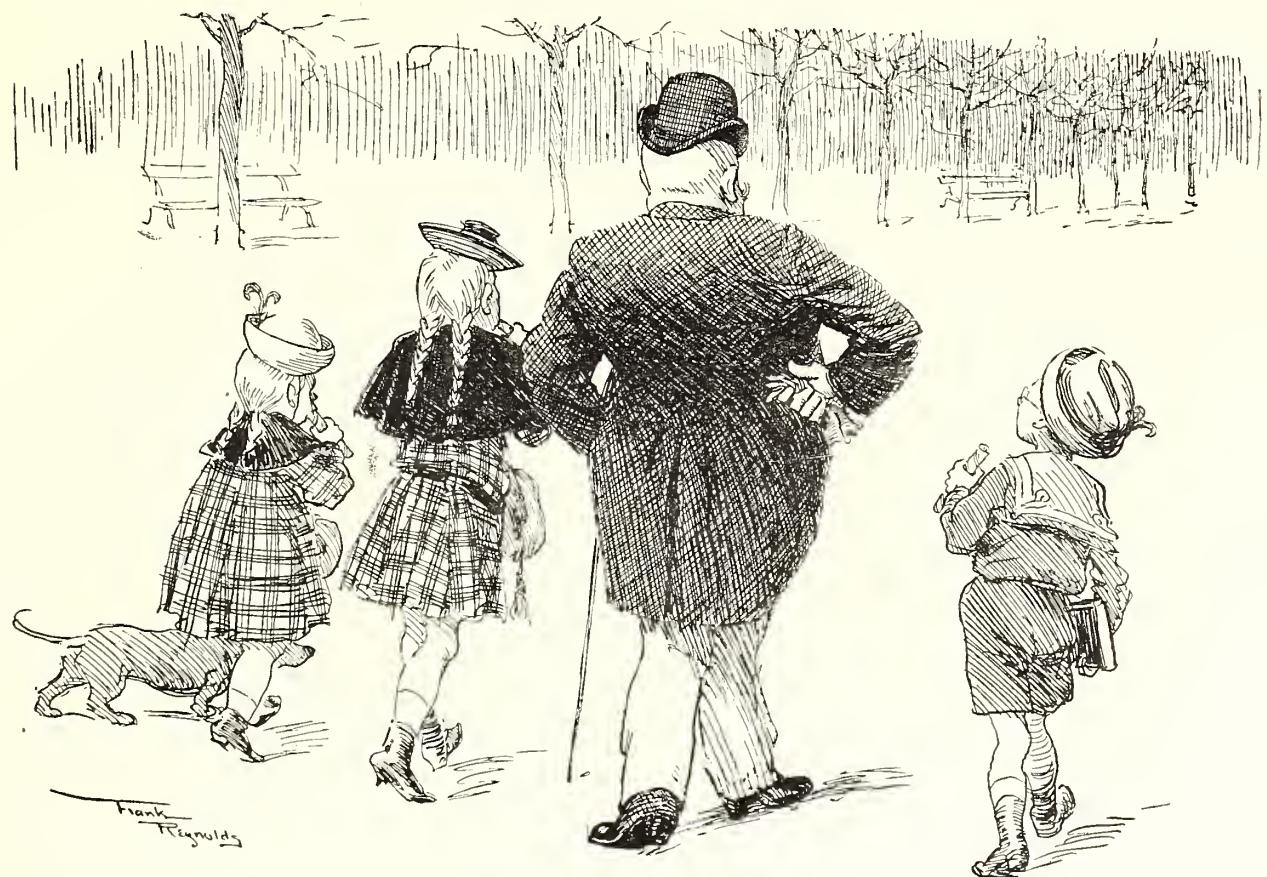


THE GREAT ADVENTURE.
AN INCIDENT OF THE STRIKE.



THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF CRICKET.

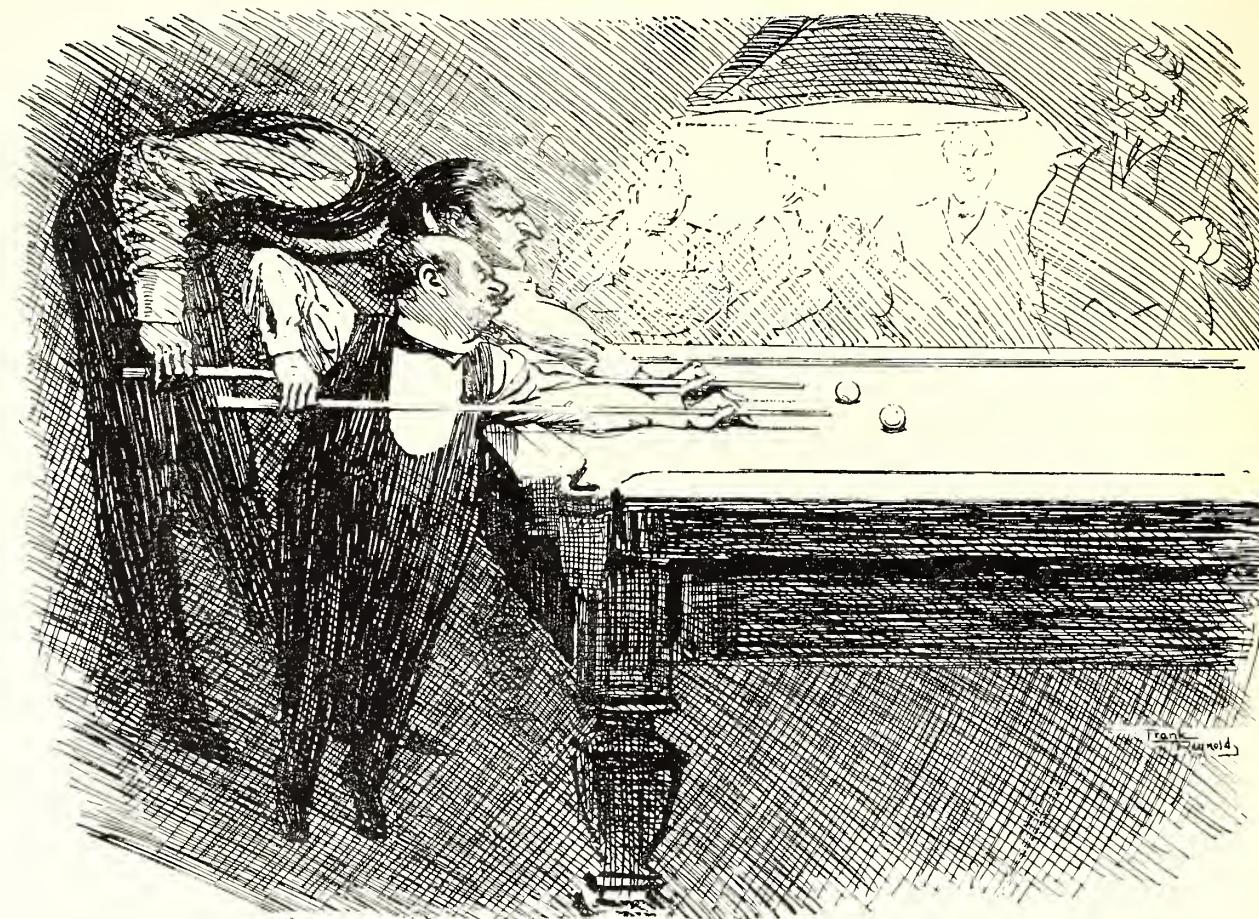
Small "Who's Who" of the School (to Visitor). "This is Phyllis Jones. She's quite a good bat, but rather weak on the leg side."



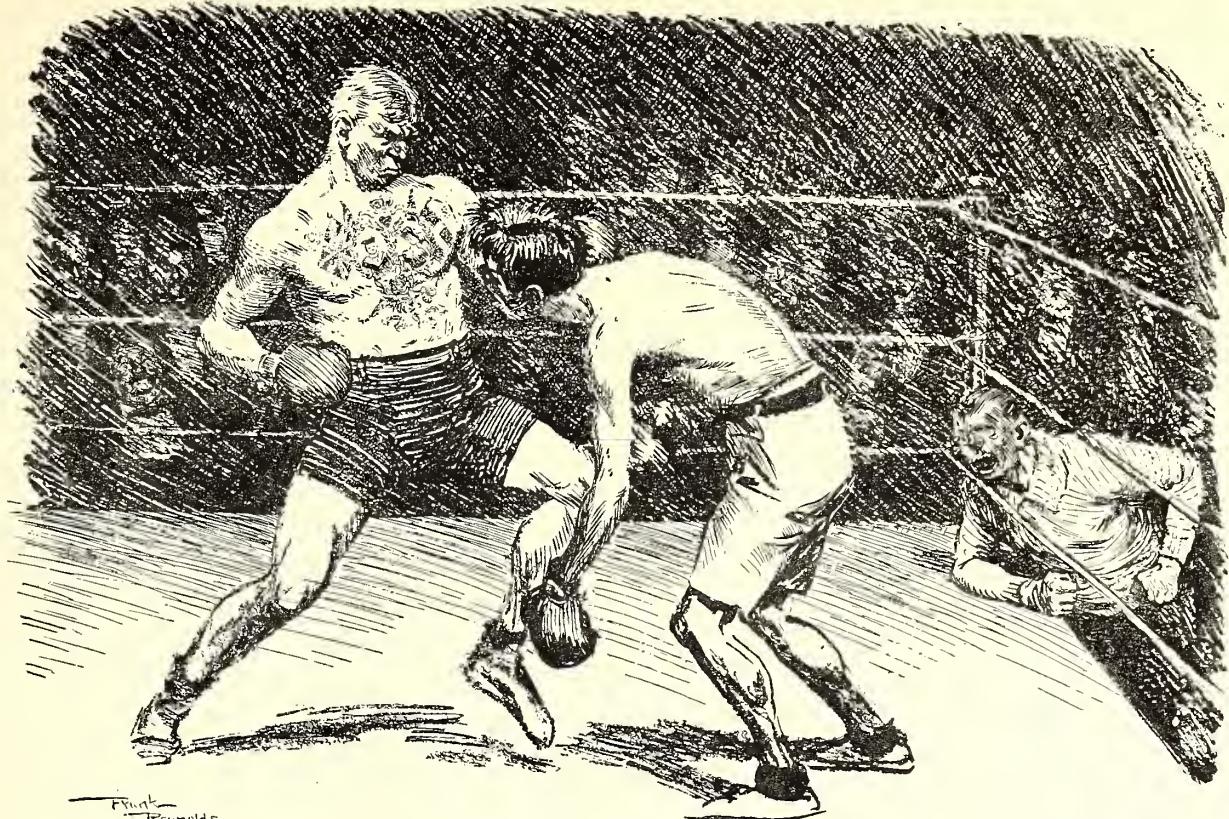
Super-Boy. "But, father, if we have already conquered, why does the War go on?"
Super-Man. "Be silent and eat your Hindenburg rock."



HOMEWARDS: AN ALLOTMENT IDYLL.



STRINGING FOR BREAK: A DECORATIVE MOMENT IN OUR ART CLUB BILLIARD HANDICAP.



THE TATTOOER'S ART.

Exasperated Backer. "It 'im, Charley; don't look at them pictures."



Heavy Father. "Put your 'at on this minute, Sir. Do you want to catch your deathercold?"



Customer (trying on suit). "Hopeless—perfectly hopeless!"
Horrified Tailor. "What is it you don't like, Sir?"
Customer. "My profile."



Disgusted Parent. "Nah then, 'Orace, set abaht 'im ! Anyone can see the 'orse 'as lost all respect for yer."



THE FINAL PUTT.

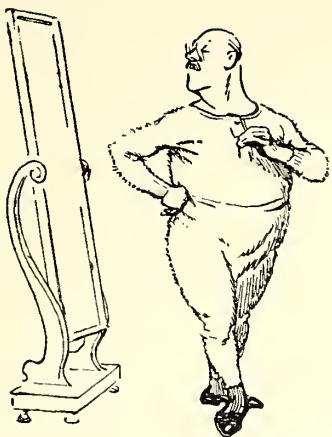
Golfer (to partner). "Now you've got this to save the match, so none of your science ! Just bung it in !"



Jones (who in going through his wardrobe has unearthed a memento of happier days at Margate). "Well, if they should call up the forty-fives, I think it will have to be the Navy."



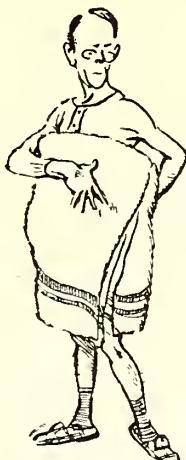
TENNIS PROSPECTS.



While most people know the value
of a heavier weight in underwear—



few are aware of the advantages of
sealskin socks.



The abdominal blanket—



is hardly noticed under a yielding
lounge suit.



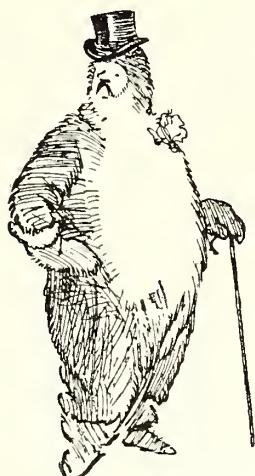
Some feel it across the shoulders—



others might adopt fur-lined trousers.



This is undoubtedly warm, though
hardly suited to a function.

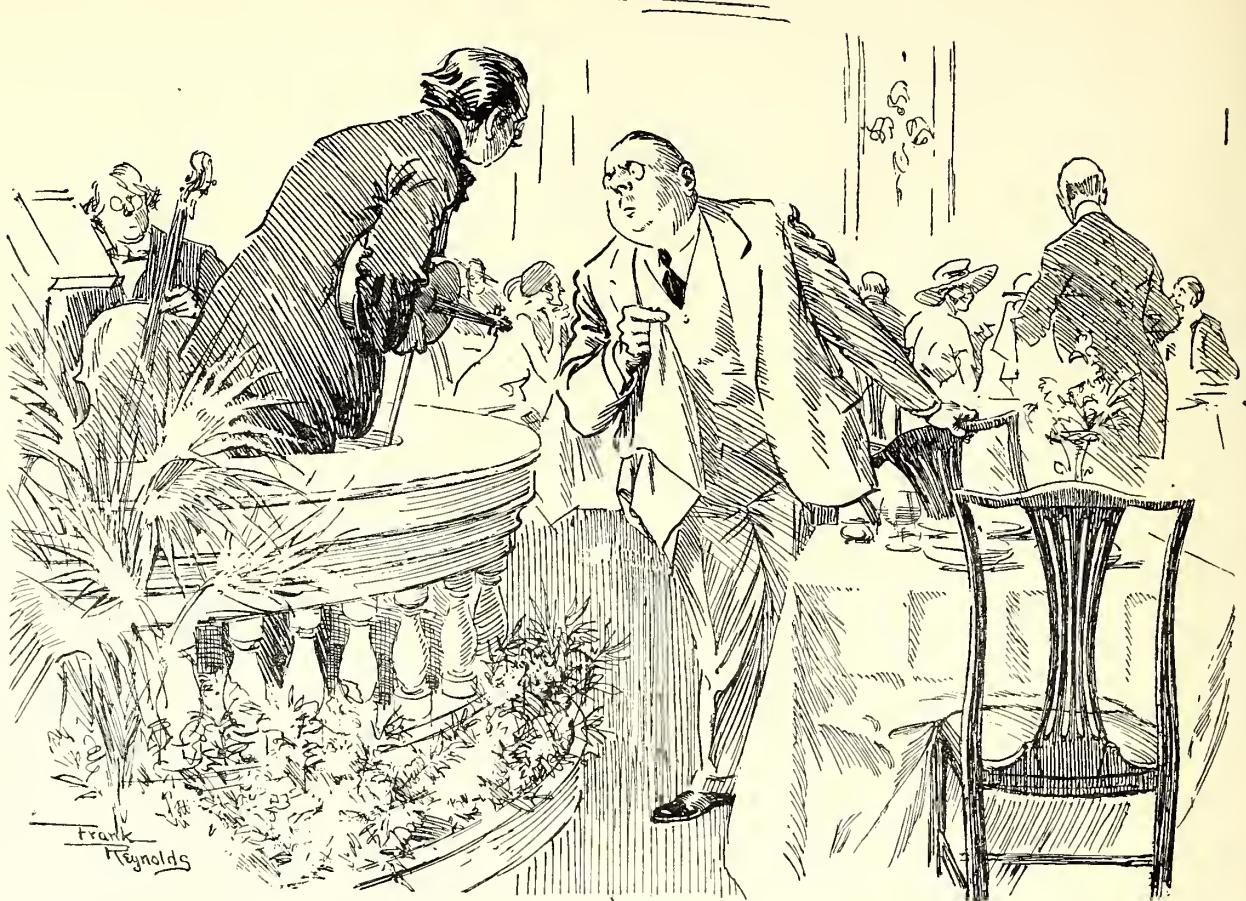


However, in the case of
a wedding—



But, after all, it is the sleeping suit
that marks the expert.
(Note chinchilla sheets.)

IN COLDEST ENGLAND: HOW TO OBTAIN WARMTH.



Customer. "I say—do you ever play anything by request?"

Customer. "Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch!"

Delighted Musician. "Certainly, Sir."



Antonio (explaining the situation). "'E com'—e trippa ovar de monk—an' e spilla de muff."



Officer (having pulled up recruit for not saluting). "Now then, my man don't they take any notice of officers in your battalion?"

Recruit. "Well, Sir, it ain't that exactly; but I've always been one, as you might say, to keep meself to meself."





The Aged One. "Well, Gearge, it do begin to look like peace at last, with these 'ere Austrians come over fer cricket."



HEAT-WAVE BILLIARDS.

Fastidious Guest. "I say, this beastly chalk hasn't been put on the ice."



THE SLACKER.



Profiteer (initiating wife into the mysteries of high life). "Now, my dear, you can say you've 'ad the best dinner in London and the best wines. Is there anything else you fancy?"

Wife. "Well, George, do you think you could persuade the young man to change this cigarette for a nice strong cup o' tea?"



Customer. "I'll have that éclair."
Waiter. "That, Madam, is my thumb."



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Political Customer (bitterly). "Well, Lloyd George can do wot 'e likes now ; I've done with 'im."



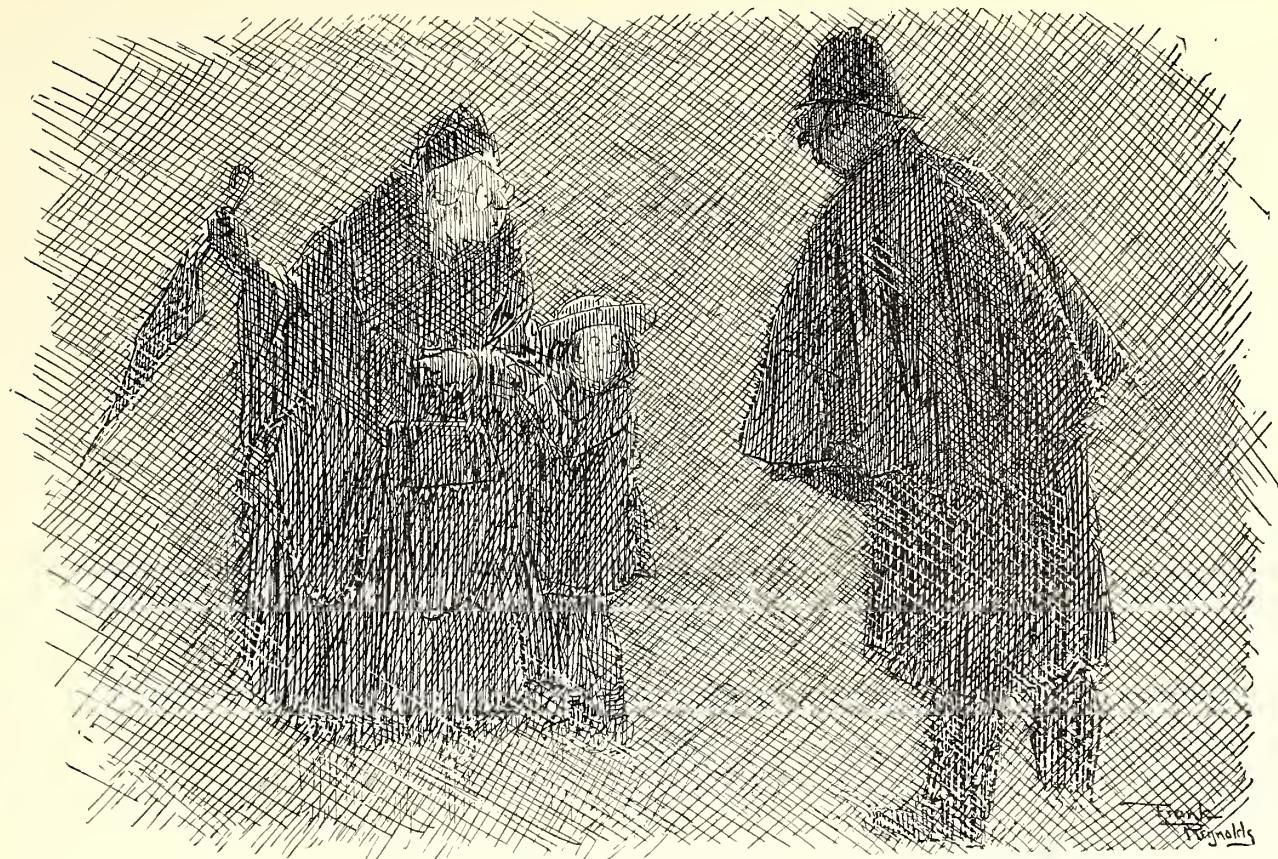
THE TWO PATIENTS: A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE PATHOLOGY.



Wife (to returned golfer). "Do you like the soup, dear—or are you still playing badly?"



Incoming Batsman (to Deep Field). "Er—am I going right for the wicket, please?"



Voice from the Fog. "Can you direct me to Where the Rainbow Ends?"



CASTING PEARLS.

Philistine (who has been dragged by wife to Jazz tea shop). "What is it they're trying to play, dear?"
Modern Wife. "Oh, you wouldn't be any the wiser—nothing out of 'The Bohemian Girl!'"



Lift Attendant (to rural party who has been up and down again). "What department do you want?"

Rural Party. "I don't want no department. I just be ter'ble fond of lifts."



The obvious.



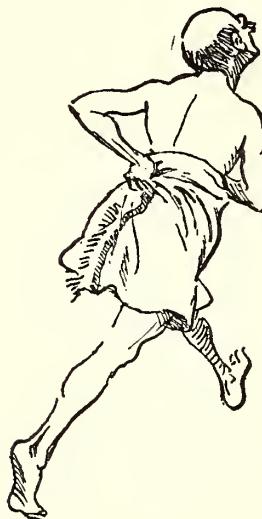
The casual.



The reckless.



The cautious.



The abandoned.



The composite.



The flustered.



The Græco-Roman.



The absent-minded.

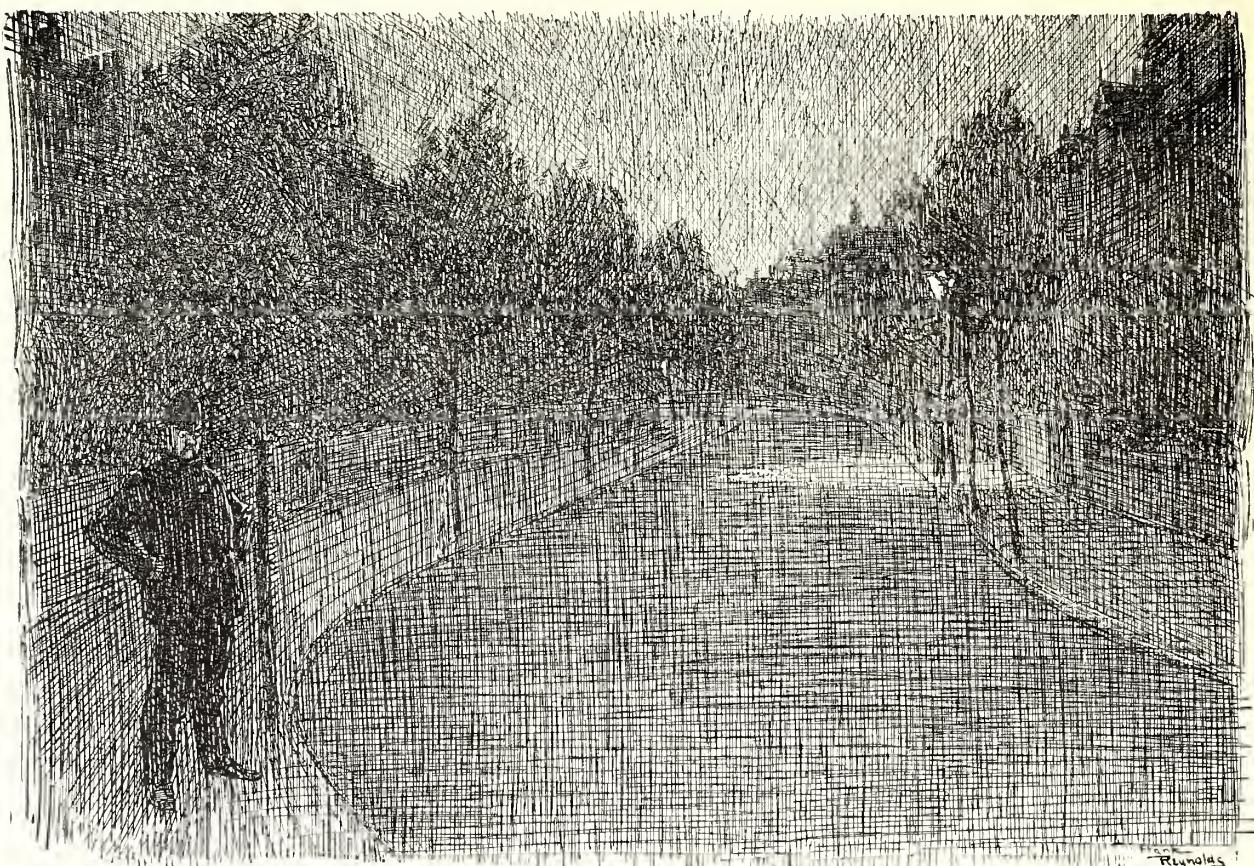
COSTUMES FOR ZEPPS.



HIGH LIFE ON THE UNDERGROUND.

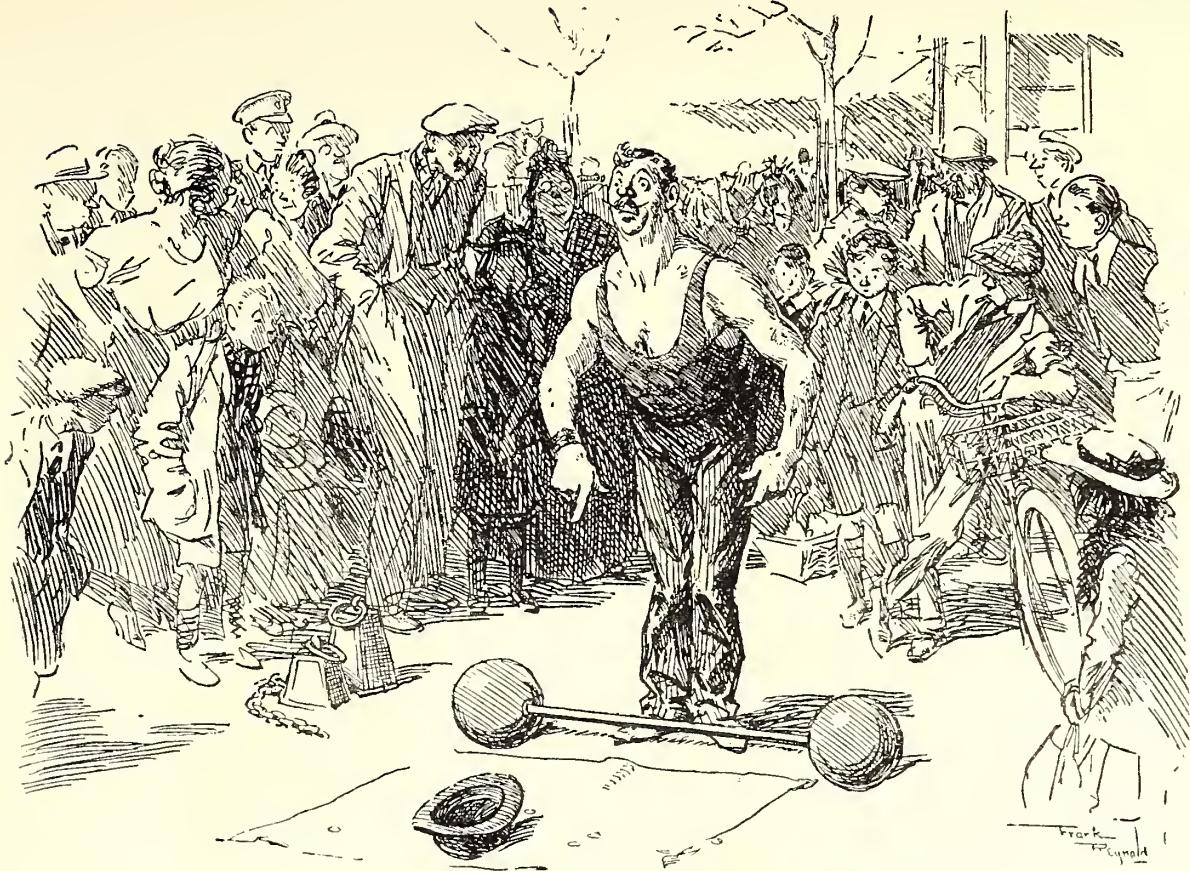
Lady (to tiresome individual). "I've already told you—Hammersmith is the next but one. The next is Baron's Court. That's my station—not yours."

The Individual. "Ahem! The Baroness, I presoom?"



HOPELESS DAWN.

P.C. (new to the suburbs). "Lumme! What a neighbourhood for an ambitious man like me! No drunks—and as for burglars, well, there's nothing for 'em to pinch, only tennis racquets."



OUTSIDE THE RADIUS.

Strong Man. "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, kind appreciation, if you please. You shorly don't expect a genuine West-End performer to 'alf kill 'isself in the sububs for fourpence?"



HOW TO BRIGHTEN THE PERIOD OF REACTION.

Mother (to son who has fought on most of the Fronts). "Don't you know what to do with yourself, George? Why don't you 'ave a walk down the road, dear?"

Father. "Ah, e' ain't seen the corner where they pulled down Simmondses' fish shop, 'as 'e, Ma?"



THE TRAMP'S TOILET.

"'Ot one day—cold the next. One 'ardly likes to leave off anything."





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